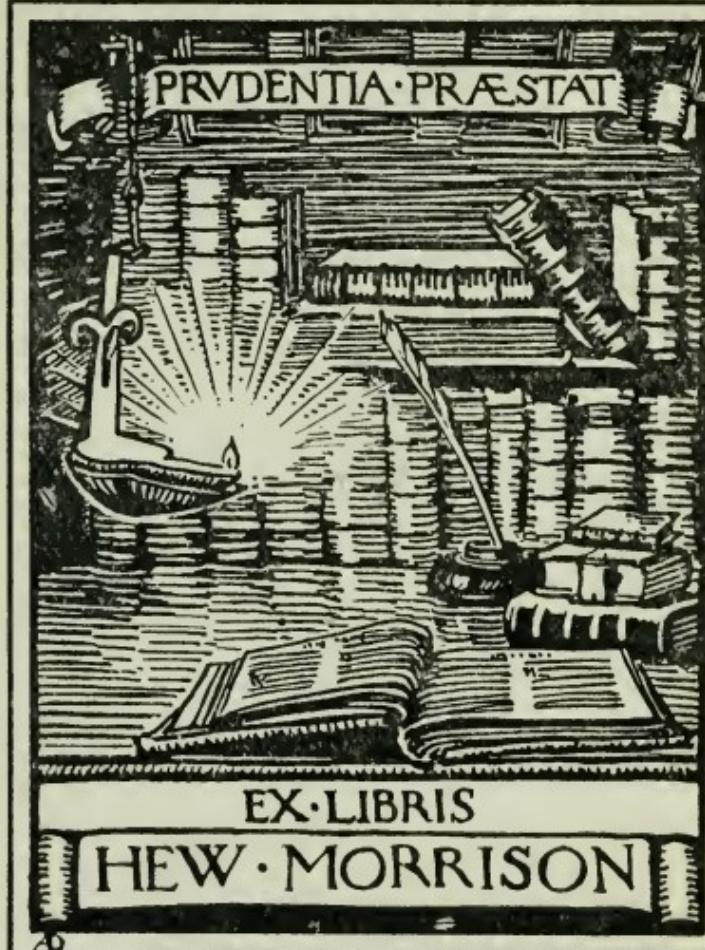


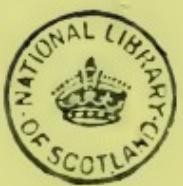
DUAIRN GHAEILIG
LE
WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE

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DUAÍN GHAEILIC

LE

UILLEAM MAC DHUN-LEIBHE,

Ughdar "Tagradh nan Gaedheal," Eachdraidh na h-Alba," &c.

WITH

A BRIEF SKETCH

PROVING THE

AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 SOUTH BRIDGE.

GLASGOW: DUNCAN CAMPBELL, 143 BUCHANAN STREET;

W^m. GILCHRIST, 145 ARGYLE STREET.

1858.



**LAURISTON CASTLE
LIBRARY ACCESSION**

TO THE
DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS
OF
THE GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY,

THESE POEMS,

WITH A
Brief Sketch probing the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

DALE STREET,
GLASGOW, 24th June, 1858. }

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CATH MHONADH BHRACA

EADAR NA

GAE'IL ALBANACH AGÙS FEACHED NA ROIMH.

ANNS A BHLIADHN' 85.

'NUAIR a sgaoil na speuran, doilleir neoil,
M'an cuairt;
Luidh an slògh, air lom an raoin,
'Na'n suain,
Air mìn-fheur, tolmain choillteach,
Choir an uchd;
'S na freiceadain air leth gach taobh,
A' dion an fheachd.
Dheirich an Rìgh,* le iomgain gheur,
O'n torran għlas;
A'm braighe' ghlinn, aig bun na stuadh,
Fo'n d'iarr e fois;

* Galgacus.

Ghluais e gu fòil, air bruachan

Reidh an uillt,

A' enuasachd, diubhail eaceart àr

Nan oillt.

A bha 'casadh ris, air tir

'S air muir;

Us' mheoraich e mar so, air

Teinn a chor:

Ainneart, foиргneadh, leir-sgrios,

Eug, us' creach,

A' teachd, gun stad 'gar claoidh, 's cha'n ann

M'a seach;

Se bliadhn', tha armait fhiat

A' nàmh;

A' slad, mo riogh'chd, 's gun duil ri

Crioch, na tamh.

O chasgradh claidheamh, fòirneart,

Teine, 's mort.

Tha miltean marbh, 's na dhfhuirich beo—

A' dion mo cheart;

An iarr mi sith, 's an d-toir mi

Albin bhuam,

Mo Chrun, 's mo ghaisreadh àrd, le'n

Trice buadh.

Na aon fheachd, fo bhratach Righ,
 'Tha beo :
 'S an earbs' mar bha, nach geill mi choidhch,
 Gun tuiteam leo.
 Thug a' namhaid, fuileach, taisg ar
 Biotailt bhuainn ;
 A mhagh thir thorach, bladh ar fuinn,
 Us' cal' a chuain ;
 Ghlac a phlod, gach ób, us' caolas,
 Uig, us' loch,
 'Sa tha armait leamh, nan sgaoth,
 Gach taobh amach.
 Ar sraithean tiorail creacht', us' beul
 Gach glinn,
 Fo cheannsal, bhuidhnean borb, a' to-'airt
 Nan garbh-chrioch dhinn.
 An cuan gun cheann, ri'r cùl us'
 'Slogh nan Gall,
 'Ga'r torachd feedh nan coilltean dluth,
 Le gaирг us' feall.
 Mo sheise seolta,* gaisgeil, air mo lorg,
 Gun fhois :
 'An duil, ri m' chiomachas, gun dàil,
 Na tuiteam leis.

O CHARRNAICH,* a laoich, an d-tug an t-éug
 Ort buaidh,
 Thu sint', gun diog, gun cháil, fo għlas
 Na h-uaigh;
 A chòmhlain, rioghail, churrant,
 Dhana, ghlic,
 Co' sheasas, leam 's an àraich dheirg, 's thu
 Balbh fo'n lic;
 Cha chluinn thu osag trompaid, air
 An fhaich ni's mo,
 Na srannail, steudan bras, a' leum
 'Am builsgein sloigh:
 Na stairn nan sleagh, air màillich liath,
 Nan sparrag dluth;
 Tinnean tatht' bu tric, a sgoilt fo d' lann,
 Le lùth:
 Do ridhe treun, le'n d-fhuair thu
 Urram gaisge Righ,
 Anis fuar' an leaba dhorch nan dàol, fo
 Smachd gun chlì.
 B'e teibhneas, mo Leaghan dearg, air
 Dualadh sròil,

* Carranach Righ nam Piocach, a mħarbhadh goirid roimhe sin.

Us' gàir nan clann, a' rùsgadh cruidh gu
 Strì nan spòll.

Cha'n fhaic thu tuilleadh, seoid nam beann
 Fo'n aim;

Na grunn nan Sàr, mar aon
 A' freagairt gairm;

Gu faiche Bhraca, far an sgaoilear
 Cuirm a bhais,

'S am brist, na Dee bhith-bhuan, dhinn
 Cuing ar càs.

Mar so le cèuman mall, us'
 Osnaich throm,

Thill an t-ànrach rioghail, 'suas gu
 Sgàil nan tom,

O'n d'imich e gun fhios do chach, 's an
 Duibhr' amach;

'S luidh e' rithist 'sios, 's cha b'eoil
 Do neach.

BRUADAR.

Dhfhorain sàmhchair, chiuin, us'
 Bhriodail fois,

An sonn, gu sealan taimh, aig
 Sgùrr an eas,
 Bha urla għlan, fo mheachain fhuair,
 Na h-oiteig bhèur;
 A' seideadh air an leitir nochd,
 A' rùchan speur.
 Air dus a duthchais, luidh a chre
 'Na clò:
 Ged' bhrist neo-bhasmhoireachd, a gheimheal
 De'n spiorad bheo.

Aisling, Righ Alba, bragh nach
 H-uraich lochd,
 Le sriut fil'eachd, caont mar' thug
 A cheolraidd reachd:
 Gu'n cuinneadh Gae'il, sgeul nan
 Linn a dhfhalbh,
 'S gu'm biodh iad fhathast mar bu dual,
 'An tir an sealbh,
 Gu'n gleidheadh iad, an cliu 's an gnè,
 O linn gu linn,
 O thnù, nam foиргneach fiar, nach
 H-aontaich leinn.

Bhruadair an Righ', bhi 'mach air

Aonach cas;

Air monadh ard; 's an sealladh cian

Gu deas:

Chunnaic e *Coirb*, fad as aig cuairt

Nan speur;

Ag amharc tuath, le fraoch, 's i

A' bagradh leir.

Tir-mòr a' caoidh, gun lùth le 'smaig

Gun iochd:

'S deis-thir Bhreatain, striochdt' fo

Cholbh a smachd:

Chunnaic e i 'sgaoileadh eangach

Trast an fhuinn:

Air oir na h-Alba; sint o thuinn

Gu tuinn.

Lion iarnaidh dearg, 's a dhreach mar dhreòs

Nan càir;

A' slugan sùirn, a' sputadh dian 'an

Goil am bàir:

Chunnaic e Athaich lasrach aig

Gach ceann;

'Ga Dhraghadh, thar iosal shrath, us'

Airde bheann.

Gach duine, 's beathach, caisteal dion,
 Us teach;
 Sguab e leis gach aon, maraon, 's gach aon
 Ma seach.
 Chunnaic e' teachd' na dheigh, 's an dath mar
 Dhearg-las shion :
 Glàmaich theine 'shluig a suas, na
 Dhfhag an lòn :
 Dhuisg e le allsa gioraig,
 Ghlac e' airm,
 'S dhiarr e' Ghille caimp, Mac Suinn
 Gu grad a ghairm,
 'S triall chaìsmeachd, a sheirm do'n t-slògh
 Gun dàil,
 'S na maithean, a choinneachadh an Righ
 Aig leac an àil.
 M'an d'eirich grian air Tùrleum ard
 A cheo,
 Us bruchdanaich na maidne glas, a'
 Sgaradh neóil ;
 Għluais laoich na h-Alb, o chuilidh dhorch'
 Għlinn tairbh,
 Air taobh m'a dheas an t-sleibh gu
 Leac na' marbh.

Ma'n gann a thog iad uchdach shlios
 Na mac;
 Thug fuaim na dùdaich, ordugh stad
 Do'n fheachd;
 Gu'n robh na Roimhich dlùth aig bun
 Na frìdh;
 Cluinneadh na Gàedheil; taìrrnibh 'suas
 Gu stri.

Faic anis gach ceann cath,
 A' ceartachadh, rian nan sreach;
 Albanaich, a b' uamhar cith,
 'Nan reangan dluth, fo bharrain ghath.
 Cath bhuidhnean, laochail nan clann,
 'Na miltean a' comhdach fuinn,
 Gaisgich fheùsagach nam beann,
 A' dol an ordugh, nós nan sonn.
 Armailt, neartmhòr nan treubh,
 Sealladh gairs'neach, do' nàmh,
 Gae'il threun nam buadhan tric,
 Do-chiosaitc' an stri nan gleachd,
 Biuthaidh mhoralach na' Mac
 A' nochdadh an éuchd mar chleachd.

Beinge ghrìs nan sleaghan glas'
 A' maomadh, gu reubadh chneas,
 Chit' am brioscardaich, fad as,
 Mar ghoil chuthaich, greann gaoir theas.
 Barraibh nan lann bas'or cruaidh,
 A' frith chrith, le gluasad sloigh,
 A' teachd a dhioghladh fairneadh géur,
 Nach coisgt' ach le streup nan leòn.
 Far an d-tug gaisge' buaidh,
 Air an-seilbh, le cruadail chor,
 Armailt fhineachail nan laoch,
 Gae'il shaor 'na'n airm, fo'n t-sròl.
 A dhùlanaich, gu stri na feirg,
 Feachd lionmhor, nan Roimhach garg,
 Gu folachd, nach lasachadh cor,
 Gun aon diubh' gheilleadh, gu tur,
 An uidhe, eadar na sloigh,
 A' boillsgeadh, le gleò nan lann,
 A ghrab dàn 'nuair' roinn i'm fonn,
 A thoirt duinn, fa leith gach gniomh a bh'ann,
 'Nuair bhrosnaich i stri nan calg,
 Iorghuill chreuchd, us' bas, us' mairg,
 Torraibh na' marbh, ag at'
 'S na beòthaibh a' dioghladh na thuit,

Le fiubhaidh, o'n iubhar air laight,
 A' caitheadh frasan éig, us lot'.
 Tharruing an da fheachd 'an dluth's,
 Mar 'dhaithris biuthas o chian,
 Gach taobh air bhoil le conbhadh àir,
 A' greasadhl gu spàирн nam pian,
 Suinn gharbh nan earradh breac,
 Le faobhair ruisgte 's gach glaic,
 A spealg le gaisge gun gheilt,
 Cuing do-flulang, neart thar cheart,
 'An ruathar, casgradh, nan cràdh,
 Bhuail 'na'n dàil, na Roimhich chruaidh,
 Tuisg iarain, uile-bheist na' mort,
 A chiossaich an domhain le neart,
 Crioslaicht' an lùirichean teann,
 'Ga 'n dion, o bhathais gu bonn,
 Chomhlaich iad sleaghan nan Clann
 Stiocall trom 'na miltean roinn
 A teachd mar bhàinidh onfhadh thonn.
 Co choisgeadh an tuil chréuchdach,
 Sruth loinreach nan gathan reubach,
 A sguab na Roimhich air an ais,
 'An spàирneachd deothaich na greis,
 'S an flaiche le smùidrich lot,

Mar dheatach o *bhrolluinn braight*;
 Le treoir neo-lighte nam fear feachd,
 A dhfhàg mar dhileab da'n sliochd;
 'S gun chothrom, ach leud am bonn,
 A' misneach, mhòrach 's fad an lann;
 Sgeul casgradh, nan Roimhach fuileach,
 'Nuair 'bhuail an uchd bheartaich' am broill-
 Sreathan nan Albannach àrach, [each;
 Tharruing mìlidh nan sleagh,
 'An ordugh, cath 'na'n riombal tiugh;
 'S ged nach, d' aidich na Gàe'il eigin,
 B'e sud, greim teanachdais an Leoghain;
 A ghleidh an larach a' gleachd;
 Gus an d' eug, le àr gun iochd;
 Deich mile fichead de'n da fheachd.
 Ma'n do sgaoil na speuran, doilleir neòil

M'an cuairt:

A sgar na sloigh, gun aon diubh
 'Dhfhaotainn buaidh!

BLAR DHAIL RIGH

EADAR

RIGH REABART BRUCE AGUS IAIN TRIATH
CHLANN DUGHAILL,

ANNS A BLIADHNA 1306.

COMHRADH EADAR AM BARD 'S A CHEOLRAIDH.

AM BARD.

C' ait anis a chlis an luasgain?
Cha' chum baile tir na cuan riut—
Shlàod thu mì deas us' tuath leat—
Dhfhàg thu gun lùth gun snuadh mi,
O'n Roinn Ilich gus an Tròisach,
Cha chluinneadh tù mu chreach na tòrachd,
Sean daingneach carragh na blar-còraig,
Seanachaидh Bàrd na fear-òran.
Nach slàodadh tu mi air mhuineal,

A dhéoin na dhain'eoin thun an t-siubhail,
 Faic an t-àit ud; faic an duin ud;
 'S na gabh suim do ghrain an turuis,
 Do ghruaim an t-sainnt na sgraing gun fhuran.

A CHEOLRAIDH.

Thug mise dhuit mar gheall mi,
 Sealladh air glinn àigh 's air beanntan,
 Air coirean fraoich, 's air raoinaibh alltach,
 'S lochain nach traoigh air gach meall diubh
 Muim' altrum nan geadh 's nan lach,
 Far am faigh am fiadh a dheoch,
 'S a lòn gu fial air leirg amach,
 De' mhìltibh lus ri gréin gu moch,
 Air aonach farsuing nan Eas-caoirgeal,
 A' steall-ruith troimh chlaisaibh craòbhach,
 A' mire leum' nan céudaibh caòchan,
 Nach do thruailleadh riamh 's nach caòchail,
 Cuislibh nam beann, beath' a chòmhnaird:
 A' cuir clì fais an càil nam pòraibh,
 A theid 's an dùsluing mar a dhòrduich,
 Ughdar Bith-bhuan na cruitheachd,
 A'n aim'sir an t-sìl chur Earrach,

Roimh' n t-samhradh àluin Righ nan duilleach
 'S crùn na bliadhn' am Foghar torach,
 Rinn thu gearan air mo luasgan,
 'S gu'n d'iomain mi deas us' tuath thu,
 Naire dhuits' a chuir uait mi,
 Gus an do liath thu 'toirt fuath dhomh,
 Na'm biodh tu dileas 'n a t'oige,
 Nuair 'a thairg mi'n tus do phòsadhl,
 Sheasain do chùis anns gach dòlas,
 'S bhearrainn feùsagan luchd-foirneart.

AM BARD.

Ma's sean' chuimhneachan is ceol duit,
 Cha'n'eil mi' 'g iarraidh do chomradh,
 Na t-fhuran an cuideachd na'n comhail,
 Cha d'-teid mise e fad' an toir ort,
 A dhrollach leisg tog de'd' dhroch mhein,
 Na cas fiacail 's na druid rosg rium,
 'S fad o' chualas ma 'n bheul thosdach,
 Gu'r seirbh' a mhùig na teang' a bhrosgail
 'S iomadh bliadhn' o nach d'fhuair mi;
 Oran, Iorram, Rann, na Duan bhuaite,
 Eirich gu grad 's bitheadh buaidh leat,

Labhair a mach mar bu dual duit,
 Thoir Mac Tall a' creagan cruidh,
 A' spreigeadh le Gaelic 'an cluasan,
 Nan oigfhear fhathast nach cuala.
 Mu Bhlàr Dhail Righ nan eùchd ainmeil.
 A chuir Righ Reabart an' càs anama.

A CHEOLRAIDH.

Cha chuis mhoit a ni nach eigin,
 A'n e sunnt na h-oig a għluais gu seis that'
 'S clàrsach nam beann gun spéirid,
 Gheibh thu do thoil ach bi gléusta,
 Suidh a nall 's ni sinn reite,
 Glacaidh sinn lamhan a cheile,
 'S gu la bhais cha d' toir mi beum dhuit,
 Gabh air t-agħaidh mar do dhùrachd,
 A' toirt sgeul air feachd Mhic-Dhughaill,
 A chuir Righ Reabart 'ga dhùbħlan,
 'S mar' thug e gun taing a chul riu,
 Air faiche chiar-dhubh Shrath-Faolain,
 Tha gus an diugh 'na culaidh aosd',
 A' falach duslach cuirp nan laoch,
 Fo fhoidibh glas air sliabh na comh-strì;
 Stadaidh mi 'nis, 's dean thus 'an corr dheth.

AM BARD.

Rainig teachdaireachd Mac-Dhughail,
 Gu'n robh Righ Reabart le bhiùi,
 Fo dhubhar nan coilltean 'ga fhalach,
 A'm bruachan fiadhaich Linne-Chadoir,*
 'S na'n d'tigte gu grad air a thorachd,
 Gu'n glac'te dh' a ain'eoin beo e,
 Gu'n an robh Fir Leamhn'† air an ruagadh,
 'S an Iar-fhlath gun aon de' shluagh leis,
 'Na fhogarrach mar bha Reabart,
 Gu'n teach gu'n daoine gun fhearrann,
 Eireadh clann-Dughail gu treun dalma,
 'S thigibh le'r feachd gu Druim Albin,
 Tha clann-an-Aba nach dìobair,
 'S na tha 'm Bragh'd Alba de'r dislibh,
 Air an t-sliabh 'na'n aim 's nan éideadh,
 An' sud' ga'r feitheamh sin mo sgeula,
 Ciod a tha'n ceann-cath ag radh rium,
 S' gu'n tillin gu luath mar a thainig.

MAC-DHUGHAILL.

Fhir luath mar *shoise*‡ nan corag,

* Loch-lo-ioman † I ennox. ‡ Dreag chòrag nam Fian.

Co chuir chugams' a thoirt sgeoil thu,
 Co thu fein, na co do dhaoine,
 Ainmich co' chuir thu 'n taobh so,
 A'n e comhnadh daimh a tha thu 'g iarraidh;
 No'n traoit-fhear thu o Righ nan Ialtag,
 Ma's fior do sgeul', tha' nis' na chruban,
 Fo sgorraibh fasail Inbheir-Dhuglais.

AN GILLE-RUITH.

Dhinnis mi dhuit chean' an t-aobhar,
 Us' cluinn anis co' chuir mi'n taobh so,
 An de bha Maithean Bhragh'd Alba,
 'S gach ceann—cath' tha feadh nan Garbh-chrioch,
 O Uaimh* nan craobh gu Cinn-Alla,
 Aig comhairl' an Tùr Mhic-an-Aba,
 Fhuair mise brigh na chaidh a labhairt,
 Le mionnan air faobhar claidheamh,
 Gu'n dtugainn duitse mar a chual thu,
 'S m'ainm cha'n aicheidh mi uair e,
 Theirear Gille-Micheil luath rium,
 Bha mi uair a'm feachd Mhic-Cailean,
 'S is mi' nis Fear-ruin Mhic-an-Aba,

* Weem.

Sin duit *fail a sheula*
 Le fhuil air broilleach mo leine,
 Comhara dil'seachd a Mhic rath ud,
 Co daingean ri bunait Bheinn La-ur,
 Sin mo bharrant co' bheir dubhlan,
 Amhair an so 's creid do shuilean.

MAC-DHUGHAILL.

Gu leoir. Tha'n ruaglach ud an rib' a ghlac-
 Us boidich'ms' air crois nam feartan, [idl,
 Nach falaich monadh coill na glac e,
 'S a dhain'eoin na' bheil beo' ga leanmhuinn,
 Gu'r cumhann leis a roinn de dh-Albin,
 Ma'n deàrs tri grianaibh air Athar,
 Bitidh *sgiurs nan colg* aig Loch Tatha
 Leis na tha'n Lathurna de' m' fhior fhuil.
 'S bas na buaidh snuim chruaidh mo shinnsear
 Cha'n fhuasgail Reabart gu la Bhràth i;
 Faiceam ri siubhal a chrois Tara,
 Tein' eigin air gach meall us' tulach,
 Brataichean sgaoilt' air gach tuireid,
 Suaicheantais nan laochaibh cùrrant,
 A dhfhalbh do'n t-saoghal as nach cluinnear

Siol Chuinn a' freagairt do'n ghairm,
 Le sgal Piob 's le gleadhraich arm,
 Biodh gach fear 'ma 'n am so' maireach,
 'Na aim air Leitir Mhuc-Càrna,
 Mar chomhar' air tionnsgnadh searbh,
 A thoirt do Reabart coinne gharbh,
 Nach fhaod e' sheachnad na' bhuanachd,
 Ach 's i' lann urras 's cha theab ruaig e,
 Cha'n eadh air m'onoir ach Laoch crodh',
 An treas lamh—chlaidheamh 's an Roinn
[Eorpa.]

Thug teachdairean an Righ dha sgeula,
 Gu'n robh feachd nam beann air éirigh,
 Coig ceud deug aig ceann an uidhe,
 Campaicht' air faich an t-suidhe,
 Ailein a' meadhon Ghlinn Dochairt,
 Far na gheall an laochraidh tachairt,
 Fo aon bhratach mar a chualas,
 Fir thaghta fo iuil an uaislean.

Ghluais Reabart troimh' Ghleann-falach,
 A dh'iarraidh còmhnaidh Mhic-Cailein,
 A bha gleidheadh rathad chàrn an droma,
 Le feachd garbh na meirghe soilleir,

Air an sloinntear Earra-Ghaedheal,
 'San Dùn Aòrach teach nan àrmunn.

'Nuair 'ràinaig an Righ faiche Shraithaibh,
 Us' e 'n dùil gun seachnad 'e choinneamh,
 Chualas sgal piob-mhor a' seinn,
 'S torman sloigh a' teachd 'na 'n deann,
 Gach ursann chath air ceann an conspunn,
 Fraoch cath 'na'n gruaidhibh 's cruaidh'
 'na'n dòrnaibh.

AN CATH.

Chòmhlaich na laoich lann ri lann,
 'An goil an àir fo shrannraighe shròl,
 Torrunn còmhraig fad an raoin,
 'S fuaim stoc a' tùchadh gaoir nan leòn,
 Milidh 'ga 'n spòltadh air feadh,
 Réubadh lann us' bruansgail shleagh,
 O dheas gu clì 'na 'm plodraighe thiugh,
 Na Dughlaich da 'n dlighe 'n lamh dheas,
 A' grad-lionadh bealach an sgrios,
 Suaicheantais bhall'-bhreac nan Clann,
 'An smuidrich dheirg de' fhuil nan sonn

O Albin ghaoil co' thug do shith bhuit,
 Mallachd buan do' d' luchd-miruin,
 Tir nan cumhnantan 's nan gaisgeach,
 Nan tuil, nam beann, 's nan creachain fasgach
 A'n iad so do mhic 's an àr-fhaich fhuileach
 Nach d' fhannaich 'an gaoir nam buillean.

Sud mar chìte streup nam fear,
 Air fad an raoin 's am blàr 'ga chur,
 Na Dùghlaich air barraibh nam friodh,
 A spàirneachd troimh'n challaid shleagh,
 'Bha dion an Righ air gach laimh,
 Air cost fion-fhuil a luchd daimh,
 A b'eigin striochdadhbh do'n bhuidhinn,
 Da 'n suaicheantas an Iodh-chraobh* ruighin
 Nach searg le teas na le gaillionn,†
 Nach marbh aois 's nach caochail dathan,
 A loisgeas fo'n uisge gun mhùchadh,
 'S nach cnamh le fiacail an riudain,‡
 O'n d'tig an dearcag iocshlaint neonach,
 A dhfhasas air cruach 's air còmhnlard.

'Nuair chunnaic a shaighdfhearan gnu
 Stadh a chrùin fo ghiall a bhais,

*Cypress. †Pliny ‡Tournefort.

Bhrùchd iad m'a thiomcholl 's an stréup,
 Mar thuinn ghorm bhileach 'ni beuc air tràigh

Bha Dùghlas treun nach d'fhuiling smachd,
 A'n deannal nan creuchd 's e 'gleachd,
 A'm builsgein cath-bhuidhinn na' Mac,
 Da 'n duthchas cinn Alla nan cnoc,
 Sreath chasgraidh nan Abach 's bu mhairg,
 A thachair riu 'm boil cath air leirg,
 Fuil uaibhreach shiol Chuinn nan colg,
 Mar shruth na Cona-thuil an goil feirg,
 Le 'm biodagan claiseach cul tiugh,
 A' sgreadail air friollainean luìreach,
 Làn chinn-Ileach le neart ghairdein,
 Us' sleaghan reubach nan spéic cràiteach,
 A' dian chasgairt nan rìoghalach bras,
 'An iomart ghàbhaidh nan cleas,
 'S co? 'nàmhaid a b' urrainn dol as,
 Ach fineachan crodh' an taobh deas,
 Da nach bu duthchas ceum air an ais,
 Laoich mhòr Ardanach o *Chaill*,*
 Steidh dhion na h-Alba riamh gun fhoill,
 Fo'n fhacal aonachd gun bhàigh,

“A’n guaillaibh a cheil’” o’n bheùl gun sgàth,
 Fear mòr gun athadh na fola brais,
 ’Bha tonnadhbh troimh lotaibh a chneis,
 Nach d’ aidich geill do neach a bhos,
 An Righdire Seumas Du’ghlas,
 Da ’m b’ oighreachd Gleann Anain nan lios,
 Làmh dheas an Righ ’ga dhion o chron,
 S’ leis anns gach cruaidh—chàs riamh a
 dh’fhan,
 A’ firein treun gun cheilg o shean,
 A thug sgrios a bhais air clann nan con,
 Sasghunaich chlomhach nan tàr brugach,
 “Gun eagal Dia gun ghradh duine.”

’Nuair chunnaic an Righ gu’n d’ chiall e
 bhuaidh,
 ’San t-eug m’a ’n cuairt ’na mhiltean dhreach
 Chuir e ’n spuir airgid ’bu ghlan lìth,
 Ri Muing-geal sliogaidh mar a chleachd,
 Mar lan damh àillidh bràs nan cròc,
 An cuthach leìm ri doirlinn chais,
 As iorghuill sgriosach nam pian,
 Thug e fuirbidh nan clù cian amach,
 Ghrad shéid e dùdach nam beuc searbh,

Cam adharc fharsuing mhór an tairbh.
Chual am feachd i mar bu nòs,
'S fhreagair na bha beo da' gairm,
Caisgibh mar dhfheudas an toir,
Gleidhibh ordugh 's teichibh dian,
Tha'n latha cailte sgéul a chluinnear,
Gu'n do ghabh sin an ruaig o'n chumasg.

CATH ALLT A BHANNAICH

EADAR

NA GAE'IL ALBANNACH AGUS FEACHD
SHASGHUN,

ANNS A BHLIADHNA 1314.

ALLADH nan curaidh a dhfhalbh,
Sgeula searbh do shiolach Ghall,
A thuit le gaisge nam fear tréun,
Albannaich 'bu nuara méin,
'An cath cosgrach a blrist cuing,
Foìrneart iarmad chon,
Le smachdachadh nam faobhar glan,
Air faiche na buaidh,
Mar 'chuala 's a cluinneas gach ál.

Eìsd a Ghae'il oig is mòrail gné,
Fhiurain ghloin o'n fhreumh gun ghaoid,
A chinn 's an ìr' a dhàraich riamh,
Laoich alloil na' miadh còrr,

A ghleidh a dhain' eoin gach nàmh,
 Na dhfhàg iad dhuinne mar chòir,
 An lath' a chuir iad an cath cruaidh,
 Aig Allt a Bhannaich le buaidh.

'Nuair 'shoillsich lòchran an lá,
 Air turabhb ard na *Struith-liath*,*
 Ghlac na Gae'il an airm,
 Le deoin a' freagairt do'n ghairm,
 Gu' "bas na buaidh." Tha' namhaid' dluth'
 Deich miltean le lùth steud,
 A' bruchdadhbh troimh'n Chaol-ghleann o
 Gu sruth ainmeil nam bruachan cas, [dheas
 Far an cualas gàir nan Clann,
 Le deineas a' tarruing an lann,
 'Nuair' thainig an Righ na eideadh,
 'Bu bhoillsgeil lith. Lùireach throm,
 Thinneach m'a chom an t-seoid,
 A' tilgeadh lannair ri gréin,
 Us' tuadh Abrach nan créuchd 'na' dhòid.

Tharruing na fineachan a suas,
 'An òrdugh cath mar' bu dual,

* Striveling.

Fir mhór gun choimeas a bhos,
 Fo earraidh a b'eagsamhail dath,
 Suaithcheantais gach treubh fa leith,
 Air chonbhadh 's an dealas mar aon,
 A dhioghladh eaceart us' tāir.

'Nuair' sheid trompaidean na' nàmh,
 Gairm-chatha 's an geòin* gu ful,
 Shleuchd na Gae'il a sios,
 Ag aslachadh comhnadh neamh,
 Aoradh dùrachdach nan treubh,
 Gach Clann 'am fochar a cheil,
 Loinn sgathaidh 'na'n duirn,
 Us' Dia 'na'm beul.

Thuirt sladaich nan ronn† ri fear rùin,
 A sheas dlùth dha' freagairt d'a thoil,
 "Tha na daoin ud ag iarraidh sìth,
 Striochta le h-eagal 's leinne' bluaidh."
 Fhreagair an sgréunaire fiat,
 "Tha'n iarrtas gu h-Athair na gloir,
 A' guidhe airson an ciontan fein,
 Cha' gheill iad duits' is iad beo."

'S mar thuirt b'ionnan a b' fhior,
 Dheirich na mìlidh gun sgath,
 Le iolach fo shrolaibh gris-dhearg,
 A b' aillidh snuadh air an leirg,
 Comhar bais nam borb' bha' teachd,
 'Na'naoi cath-bhuidhnean.

'Seachd mile deug 's gach aon,
 De' rogha sluaigh,
 Se cinnich 'an comh-bhoinn,
 A bhoidich saors' na h-Alb' a mhort,
 'Sa maoin a roinn.

Thoisich na Sasghunaich a ghreis,
 Le' marc-shluagh lionmhor garg,
 'Na'm buidhnean trom.

'Nach d'iarr 's nach d'fhuair,
 Fathamas ach an sgrios a thoill,
 Air barraibh sleaghan gaisgich Chaill,*
 'An toiteal dearg an áir,
 Us cumhachd neamh 'ga'n dòn,
 Sheas na fir mhor 'an goil na bàir,
 Mar ailbhìn 'a meadhon cuain,
 Fo onfhadh dùile nan stuadh,

B' ionnan na h-Albanaich gharbh,
 'An duiseal thuadh us' lann,
 Us' steudan nam beart-gathach,
 A' leum' na'n dail le cuthach comhraig.

Far an cluinnte stoirm na cruidh,
 A' torchuir mharc us' fhear,
 Albin le colg neart a gnàth,
 A' sgoltadh claignin nan daoí,
 A dhfhasaich i 's a mhort a cliù,
 Re ochd bliadhn' deug,
 Gun iochd gun bhaigh,
 A'n sud le dearbh reachd néamh,
 'S le treoir a' Mac gun taing, gun taing,
 A' cosnadh buaidh an aigh.
 A thug do'n fhitheach ròcach cuirm,
 Air closaichean na neòghlan fiar,
 Nach togadh tuilleadh aimh,
 An aghaidh sgiùrs na dhfhan,
 Gu' bhi 'n'an creich do'n éug,
 'Nuair' thoisich iad ri gleachd as ùr,
 Gun suim do'n bhuil,
 Ag iadhadh m'an bhuidhin laòch,
 A bhaile am faobhair 'na'm ful,

Claoidht'ach liònmhor 's laist le boil,
 Mallachd fein-sgrios us tair,
 Nach falaich tiom 's nach cuir,
 Lior nam bolla-cheann diubh,
 Co fad 's a dheàrsas grian,
 Na mhaireas bith nan dùil,
 Dhath bhrosnaich iad le grùnsglaich,
 Confhadh muirt an cleachdadadh riamh,
 Bu bheag a dhiong e'n sud,
 'S na suinn gun fhiamh,
 Fo Mheirgh' an Leoghain deirg,
 'S am fuil air ghoil le cuimhne,
 Sgrios na maирg, a dhithich ceud mile,
 'S corr le claidheamh, croich us' gort,
 O na chaidh Righ Alastair fo'n ùir,
 'S a nis na naimhdean borb,
 Air teachd as ùr. A thoirt
 A bhuelle bhais,
 Do chinneach uaibhreach nach d'fhuiling
 Gaol do na curaidhean feachd, [cuing,
 A dhearbh an sgeul ud dhuinn.

Domhnnullaich o' Ile shean an lagh,
 Da'n coir reachd Righ,

Tir thuinnidh laoch a b' aillidh snuadh,
 S b' airde gniomh,
 Deich mile dhiubh fo'n t-sròl,
 Fir ardanach o eirthir cuain,
 Air lamh dheas an fheachd,
 Borr flathail nan ceudan cath,
 Fo lasadh ruaim,
 Nan seachd suaitlicheantais* is airde meas.

Mar' ruitheas tonn air thonn,
 Le ànradh doirbh gu traigh, [bàrr,
 A bristeadh le' neart fein o'm bonn gu'm
 Air babhunn criochan smachd a chuain,
 Sgàin mìltean Shasghunn air grab,
 Nam faobhar gris 'na'm feoil,
 'S tuil dhearg o'n cairbhean a' ruith,
 'An claisean caol nan cluain,
 O lotan leon. Nan gearradh,
 Nach druideadh sgil 's nach d'iarr,
 Ath-shaoi'thr nan diogh'ltach treun,
 Amhaom o dheas gu cli,
 'Am broilleach na' naimhdean borb,

* Leaghan, Caisteal, Bradan, Craobhfhige, Fraoch, Long,
 us Làmh-dhearg.

An raon chritheach fo'm buinn,
 A' comhfhreagairt do'n àil,
 Os an ceann. A' triobhualadh le,
 Gàir chath 's cliabh-ghoil steud,
 A' sitheadh air babbuin shleagh,
 'Am boil an àir,
 Far nach d'fhidrich athar a mhac,
 Na fear ruin a charaid uchd,
 Ochanaich nan lèont us' gleadhar arm,
 A' bodhradh na' milidh a sheas,
 'An stoirm nam faobhar. Gus' na thachdadh
 An gleann 's an abhainn,
 Le cruachan mharbh,
 Sgiurta le cuthach nàir us' tnù,
 Diombuaidh us' mallachd neimh,
 Theich na bolgairean gun uin,
 A chaoidh an leth-cheud mile fear,
 A luidh gun deo,
 Air arach nan iomradh gun chrioch,
 Ma'n cualas gu leoir.

CUIMHNEACHAN BHRAGHAID ALBA.

Athalamh árd nan coilltean uaine,
'S nan Sruth fior-uisg,
Cuislean bras nan lochan domhain,
Nach gabh diobradh,
Caochain ghlan na doimhne mòir',
A' ruith air uachdar,
Do bheanntan gorm a thir nan curaidh,
'S nam ban stuama,
Neoil għlas m'a bħarraibh stūc a' snàgad h
Us' feidh nan langan,
Ri creachain a' dìreadh 's a teàrnadh,
Le lùth eangan,
Coilich nan cneas dubh a' turraraich,
Air do tholmaìn,
Us' miltean lus a' fàs 'na maise,
Le brìgh talamhainn.
Do ghraiseirean īosal coireach,
Ire thorach,

'S fasgach t-innseagan lurach,
 Tomach gleannach,
 Earbag chlis na claisleachd neonach,
 Feadh do chluaineag,
 'Ga falach, fo dhubhar rò-chrann,
 Leis an ruadhaig,
 A' cumail a cluas ris an àile,
 Fo sgàil na coille,
 Na h-earalas le buaidhean naduir,
 Air brath-foille,
 An t-sealg-fhear ag eàladh dluth dh' i
 'S bas 'n ghlaic leis,
 Cuilbheir teine 's gadhair luth 'or,
 Cu cuir as d'i,
 Leumidh tu thar bruachan dilionn,
 Us' stacan garbhlaich,
 A'm boil gioraig nach gabh innseadh,
 Le purp seanaachais,
 'S ioghnadh an' obair nam feart,
 Do luath's 's do neart,
 'S nach urrainn Teallsanaich nan ceist,
 Am breathnachadh ceart,
 Cha d-fhuair thu spùllan millidh,
 Na Tuisg reubaiddh,

'S ann 'tha glaine 's maise 's cuthach,
 Comhluth d' chreùbhaig,
 Fagaidh mi thu' measg nam preas,
 Do thearmunn fàsail,
 'S tearnaidh mi 'sios an t-eas,
 A dheisdeachd bàirich,
 Nam buar adharceach air faiche,
 S' luinneag oighean,
 A' bleoghan na tain air rèidhlein,
 'S an àl m'a chròdhean,
 'Nuair dh-fhosgail an Gleann a'm shealladh,
 'S an spreidh air àilein,
 Dheàlaidh mi dluth do'n bhuaile,
 Us' shuidh mi sàmhach,
 Fo dhubhar darag cheudan samhradh,
 An' lagan boidheach,
 'S thug an oiteag chiuin gu m' chlaisteachd,
 Sèist nan oighean.

ORAN NA BUAILE.

Chaidh gruaim nan sianntan a chadal,
 'S tha feàth air talamh 's air cuan,
 'S choisg gaoth fhuardaidh na gaillionn,
 Gu sìth a h-anail o thuath,

Tha neòil sholleir na h-iarmait,
 A' sgaoileadh cian air an cuairt,
 'S a pògadh gathan na greine,
 'Chuir blàth's a chèitein a nuas.

Thainig fosgladh nam blaithean,
 'S tha lusan àillidh nan raon,
 Ag éideadh dithreabh nam beann,
 Us' sraithean ghleann air gach taobh
 Tha bheo chruitheachd 'na maise,
 'S buair air faichean le'n laoigh,
 'S gach tulach uain' air an còmhdach,
 Le breacnaich neoinein fo bhraon.

'S aobhar ioghnaidh an sealladh,
 M'an cuairt air lagan a chrò,
 Doire cùbhraidih na meangan,
 M'a 'n iadh 's a mhaidinn an ceò,
 Le bràonachd cheitein 'ga criaradh,
 O chirbean liath-ghlas na' neòil,
 Us' eiridh lochran na soillse,
 'Cuir gean air maighdean nam bò.

A dhfhaicinn truscan an fhasaich,
 'S bruthain àigh a' dol suas,

Taisgeach beath' o na duilean,
 Falluin smuidreach nan cluain,
 Anail thlus'or na h-áile,
 Treoir cinneis' namhaid an fhuachd,
 'S gloir an Aëir na h-eideadh,
 A' direadh treun air a cuairt.

Ceorach bhlath o na spèuran,
 A fluchadh reidhlein us' chruach,
 'Sa cuir neart fais anns an dùsluing,
 'Nuair thilleas uin' air a cuairt,
 Adhaiseag feartan na greine,
 Nach urrainn eacoir' thoirt uainn,
 Ged dhfhlògradhlaochraidi nan garbh-chrioch
 Le foirneart searbh thar a chuain.

Chomh fhreagair am Bàrd fo 'n daraig,
 Le bras-chaoin Gaedheil,
 Dheirich e'n coinneamh na maighdin,
 'S thairg e fàilte,
 Bheachdaich e le fiamh duin' uasail,
 Air gnùis na seirc,
 Lan banndachd us' mothachadh tearc,
 Gun stuirt mairc,

A rinn air innis nan earc,
 A bheatha gun airc
 Gu pùbull fosgailte na h-Airidh,
 Aig fiarag lagain,
 Strachdta le Liagaire* 's Lus Bàchair, †
 Us' og mheangain,
 A bheithe chubhraiddh fo lòd braoin,
 'S na h-ealtan sgiathach,
 A' comh-sheirm le poncan gàoil,
 Do'n og-bhean sgiamhach,
 Iomhaigh an duine maise daonnachd,
 Lèug na h-annsachd,
 A' neochiontachd òig' us' fàoileachd,
 Agh na ceannsachd,
 Sin duit modh us' gnè na Finne,
 Us' tuigear uatha,
 Bèusan òighean na Gàelic,
 Mar a chualas,
 Ach ma tha Filidh na fear suairé,
 An' rùn faighneachd,
 M'a dhùthchas maighdean na buaile,
 Na co o'n sloinntear,

Ainnir mo Dhuain fo 'n riochd so,
 Naisg thu caoimhneas,
 Do nighean Mhic an Aba,
 De' shliochd Mhic an Ab' oighre.

Rainig am Filidh bùth na frìthe,
 Le dealas laiste,
 'Sa Cheolraidih 'ga stuigeadh gu diomhair,
 Le rùn faicinn,
 Fo gheugan uain' an fhasgaidh fhàsail,
 Bean uasal,
 An' earradh a duthchais,
 Tir nan Gaedheal.

CRUTH BEAN GHAEDHLACH.

Chunnaic e' bhean Ghaedhealach mhaiseach,
 Air bruach casligh* alltain Easloch,
 A' haogasg mòdhar ceanalt stuama,
 A' nochdadhl tàbhachd neo-thruaillte,
 Na fol'a 's glain' air cuairt na cruinne,
 Neo-mheasgta gun mheang fainne, †
 Miltean bliadhn' an Rioghachd nam Breacan,

* Struth bras áth. † Laige.

'S i 'n diugh mar' bha an càil 's an cleachduinn
 B' ion eibhneis air leirg a choinne,
 Ri màthair mhac de'n àrd Fhine,
 Fo chulaidh de Bhreacan nan Abach,
 Da'n dùthchas Cinne-Alla chorragh,
 Lic us' Fionn-Lairig choilleach,
 Cill-Fhinn us' Bualtachan gleannach.
 Bha riochd-fleasg de' dhanart mar shneachd,
 Air falt amlagach nan tlachd,
 Comhara neo-chiontais us' iochd,
 Nach dion tàir 's nach arach lochd,
 Earasaid bhasach nan dath seas'ach,
 Air uachdar an earraidh chneasaich,
 Bràisde boillsgeil mar léig feachd,
 A' dunadh an da öir m' 'a h-uchd,
 Calman us' beithir 'na mheadhon,
 Gràbhalta le tèomachd ealaidein,
 Bratach ghreadhnach Chlann Donnachaidh,
 Miann sgeulaichean Bhard us cliar-shea-
 nachaidh,
 Bha gasan Rainich o stuadh nan dos,
 A'm bòichead ùr-fhais 'na laimh dheis,
 Suaithcheantàs nan laoch o *Shrùthan*
 Nach d'fhuling cuing 's nach d'iarr ràthan.

Beannachd dhuit 's urram do shinnsear'
 Rath ort 's gu'ma buan a dhinnsear
 Coinne' Bhaird fo sgàil na daraig,
 Ri ceile ruin Mhic an Aba.

Fhir dhileis na h-ìnnsgin uaibhreach
 'S glan an ír' o 'n do bhuaineadh,
 Na mílidh churranta bhuadhach,
 An t-sinnsearachd threun o'n d'fhuaradh,
 Mac an Aba.

Chuir iad Dail-righ le dearras laòchail,
 'S cath Bhualtachain le deannal fhaobhar,
 Fo mheirghe nan dathan fraochail,
 A thog seachd fineachan an aobhar,
 Mhic an Aba.

Bha mi roimh' an gainntir dòruinn,
 'S m' fhuil air ghoil le teasach lòini,
 Rainig tu uiridh mo leònaidh,
 Us' sheas thu 'd stadh neart ga'm chòmhnadhl,
 A Mhic an Aba.

Rainig tu leab' a chruaidh chais,
 Dhiult thu teach mear an luath-ghàir,

Us' an iargain loisgeach ga'm bhualadh,
 "Bu tric agam 's b' annamh uam thu,"

A Mhic an Alb.

'S gearr aoibhneas an duin' aig fheabhas,
 Mar a chualas,
 Mairg us' feirg us' neo-sheamhas,
 'Ga shior-ruagadh,
 'S trom an eallach gaol duthcha,
 'S fairneart ain'eoin,
 Biothanaich allmharach 'gar spùinneadh,
 'S gun dion againn.
 O shliochd nan treun nach d'fhuiling tàir,
 So am bhur diobraidih,
 Ainneart 'g'ar ruagadh gu càs,
 'S gur a mhiruin,
 Ga'r fògradh gu tir aineoil,
 Thall thar chuantan,
 Bragh'd-Alba le gànlas foilleil,
 Air a sguabadh,
 'S glamhaiche gun iochd 'ga 'rusgadh,
 'Na lom-fhàsach,
 'S a mic laochail fad o'n dùthchas,
 A' caoidh na dh-fhàg iad.

Eisdeamid sgeul nan sonn,
 An rian bardachd,
 O sheanfhear aosda ceann nan cliar,
 Le fuaim clarsaich.

CUMHA A CHLARSAIR.

Cuimhne na bha,
 'Gluais mi gu Dan,
 'S sinn cloaidhta le cradh foirneart,
 'Ga'r sgiursadh le smachd,
 Fo'n smàig nach do chleachd,
 'Us' sinn gun duthaich
 Fo reachd fògraiddh,
 O thir thuinnidh nan clann,
 Da'n dual iomairt nan lann,
 A thog mulad gun cheann dòmhsa,
 Greadhuinn neo-ghlan a sgrios,
 A fhuaìr sinne fo chois,
 'S sinn gun teanachdas,
 Gun fhois gun fhàrdach,
 Far an d'araicheadh riamh,
 Na trein nach aidicheadh fiamb,
 Do neach ach an Dia ràthain,
 Na Dubh Albanaich dhian,

A ghread na Roimhich o chian,
 An' deannal nam pian bàsmhor,
 Air monadh Bhraca nan éuchd,
 Dhfhag sibh cuimhne nach treig,
 Fhad 's a mhaireas 'na'r deigh Gàedheil,
 Air bearradh Chall-Duin nan gas,
 Fhuair na fithich an los,
 'S air leirg Dhealgain an Roiss dhfhag sibh,
 Bein nam biothannach cruaidh,
 A dh-fheuch bhur saors' a thoirt uaibh,
 'Na'm plodraich fuar 's an àrfhaich',
 Aig Dail-rànaich nan tolm,
 Fhuair nà feitheidean cuirm,
Air cairbhean na'm buirb sglàmhach.
Leomhan disgir nam beann,
 Meirghe mhòrdha nan clann,
 Le braise neart-mhor gach am buadhach,
 O stàoin chorragh an fhéidh,
 Gu srath tiorall nan rèidh,
 Ghleidh e' dhan'eoin dha fein na fhuair.

Alb' an seun thu mo ghlaodh,
 Nach duisg thu' Mhathair mo ghaoil,
 Ma'n d-toir mallachd na daorsa buaidh ort,

Na sean fhineachan treun,
 Air an sgapadh an cein,
 Sliochd nan saoidh da'm bu bheus cruadail,
 An tallachan làn de' Eanntag nan càrn,
 Gu h-ullartach fàs fuaraidh,
 Chithear chumhachag broin,
 Us' Ialtag nam fròg,
 Gun eagal 'an còmhnuidh dhuaichnidh,
 Far an d'àraicheadh laoich,
 Sliochd nan Criosduidhean saor,
 'Tha nis feadh an t-saoghail fuadaicht',
 Le màgaich ghreannach tnù,
 Lior nan garrachain brù,
 'S nan crain sliopach gun chliu,
 O'n dfhàs iad.
 Pòr salach na foill,
 Ris an du'irt ar n-athraighean Goill,
 'S trom acain na roinn a dh-fhàg iad.

Cha'n'eil ath'chuin na ceòl,
 A' moladh Trianaid na gloir,
 Ach balbh mhulad nan torr fàsail,
 Far an cluinnte gu moch,
 Aoradh molaidh 's gach teach,

Tha cuirn choìnich 's gun neach,
 'Ga 'n àiteach,
 A laochraídh ghaisgeil nam feachd,
 B'e sud bhur u-urram us' chleachd,
 Sibh smachd firinn us' reachd cràbhaidh,
 Stiuir neamhaidh bhur rian,
 A shliochd crodha nam Fiann,
 Mo chreach dhubhach 'ur cian sgànradh,
 A' measg almharrach thall,
 Far nach measar 'ur call,
 'S nach goirear dhibh clann Ghàedheal,
 'An eideadh colgail nam buadh,
 Urram fhlaithean us' sluaigh,
 O'n Fhiann chatharra 'nuas,
 Us co 's urrainn a luaidh,
 'An rian seanachais na Dhuan,
 Alba rioghail ri uair gàbhaidh,
 Innsgin theinteach do mhac,
 A' nuair a thogadh tu t-fheachd,
 Cha robh de' dheamhain 's an t-slochd,
 Le gur Shasghun fo'n smachd,
 Na chuir do shaorsa fo reachd nàmhaid.

Thaisg an clàrsair aosd' a Chruit,

'S a dheoir a' frasadhl,
 Grain fòirneadh 'na tein' innsgin,
 A' dian lasadh,
 Dùrachd aichbheil coir an duine,
 'An uair fheuma,
 Tiodhlachd neimh 's colbh ceartais,
 A chosg eacoir.

TIOMNADH IAIN MHOIR.

Ma 'n gann' bha guth na clarsaich balbh,
 'S am Filidh aosd' fo bhron a falbh,
 Chualas air bearradh an eas,
 Sgalarachd deanachdach dhos,
 Ard sheirm Piob-mhor a'seinn,
 Caismeachd chòmhraig shiol Chuinn,
 Na ruaig Righ us' *cùl air Ghallaibh*,
 Crun-luath feachd-cheum nan sonn ullamh,
 Nach facas a' sóradh coinneamh,
 Ri uamhaid a ruisg claidheamh.

Tri cheud deug us leth cheud eile,
 Aois craobh-sheanachais Treith Dhun-Olla,
 Fir dheachdair 'bu chian alladh,
 An treas meur de' shliochd nan tri Cholla,

A' comh-fhreagairt do'n t-seirm luinneach,
 Sheas gu stóld am Filidh rannach,
 A' dearcadh gach taobh de'n fhireach,
 Far an cualas an torman cathach,
 O dhuis tuairneach nam pone foirmeil,
 Triall chaismeachd nan Dùghlach ainmeil.

Gheibh leanaltas a dhuais mur' fàilnich,
 'S b' ionnan a thachair da'n Aos-dàna,
 'Nuair' dhirich e staoin na carraige,
 Chunnaic e air lom na leirge,
 Le tuar neart a' teachd 'na chòmhail,
 Sean fhear mor 'an culaidh Ghàedheal.
 Bha airde mar Fhiannach sreine,
 Mhic Cumhail fo chrann Dheo-greine,
 Nochd a mhodh uaisl' us' gean,
 Us' misneach sàr churaidh 'na shuil ghlain,
 Bha' labhairt flathail duineil suairce,
 Troimh'n tuigte grad treoir neo-thruaillte,
 Connspunn treun de'n fhine Dhugh'llach,
 Da'n dual eug na buaidh-làrach,
 Dh-fhàiltich e le seirc an Seanachaidh,
 'S dheisd e' sgeul le stoldachd iomchuidh,
 D'fheoraich an taos-dàn' àm briathraibh
 suairce,

Co'm fear ard a sheas ri guaillin,
 An t-sean laoich. A dhearbh riochd,
 A dheachd tur naduir gu'm b'e mhac,
 Fear mor calma deas dìreach,
 A thaghadh feum a sheasamh còrach.

'S b'ionnan a thachair mar a leanas,
 Thionndaidh *Iain-Mor* le dian dhealas,
 Ghlac e' mhac 'na laimh chli,
 'S lann chruaidh nan stri 'n laimh dheis,
 Thionndaidh e'm faobhar an aird,
 Us labhair e gu cràbhach ris.

An Dia o'n dfhuair mi mo bhith,
 Us' tusa mar ghibht le reachd gnàth,
 Biodh an diugh 'na fhiannuis dhion,
 Air m'athchuinge le firinn d'a,
 Faiceadh Athair nan dùl,
 Da'n leir gach cuis a thig m'an cuairt,
 Foirneart mo bhraithrean gáoil,
 Gun teanachdas an taobh so'n uaigh,
 'S gur fuath le m'anam an diol,
 Ged' tha mi fann le stri na h-aois.

Tog do lámh us gabh mo ghuidhe,
 Purp na chual thu tric uam roimhe,
 Seas us' coisg an tuaileas gràineil,
 'Tha' mort an fhuigheal bhig a dhfhagadh,
 Gaedheil mo Ghaoil fo bhinn ceilge,
 Ach gu sonruicht Suinn Bhragh'd Alba.

Dion an Canain 's an cleachdain,
 'An aghaidh mírun tnù us' triochdan,
 Nam bolgairean gun chliu gun mhaitheas,
 A gheur-leanas iad an taobh so' fhlaitheas.

Sin seadh do bhoid. Gleidh i' mhic,
 Us faic am Bàrd le seirc fo'n lic.

THE PRIZE GAELIC POEMS.

To the EDITOR of the DAILY BULLETIN AND NEWS.

DEAR SIR,—The Glasgow Celtic Society having announced, through the newspapers and otherwise, that prizes of £5 5s., and of £3 3s., would be given "for the best Gaelic poem (not to exceed 100 lines) on the military services of the Highland Regiments during the late war," I have now great pleasure in annexing a copy of the award of the judges, viz., Rev. D. M'Lean, Glenorchy ; Rev. Dr Smith, Inverary ; Rev. Duncan M'Nab, F.C. Glasgow.

"Inverary, 26th Nov., 1857.

"After a most careful consideration of twenty-five poems, submitted to us by the Glasgow Celtic Society, we agree in awarding the first place, in point of merit, to No. 16, signed William Livingston ; and the second place to No. 19, with the motto, '*Lochaber.*'

"We also agree in respectfully recommending the poems No. 14, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, and No. 8, with the motto, 'An La a chi's, nach fhaic,' to the favourable consideration of the Society ; also No. 9, signed 'Ciaran,' which though unequal, shows *high poetical* merit, as also No. 15.

(Signed) "DUN. M'LEAN.

"COLIN SMITH, D.D.

"DUNCAN M'NAB."

Bhudhin an Rann so' leanas a cheud Gheall O chomunn
Gaedhealach Ghlaschu, A.D. 1857.

D U A N - G E A L L .

*Air euchdan nan Gaedheal Albannach, anns a Chrimea fo
stiuradh, a cheannaird aiumeil Cailein Caimbeal anns a
bhliadhna, 1854.*

BLAR ALMA.

Chuala mi tuair' sgeul oillteil,
A's trom bhagradh
Dhirich mi'n de Druim Alb'
A dh'fhaotainn sealladh,
Chunnaic mì fo aon mheirgh'
An tuath thir Eorpach
'S miltean 'na'n aim ghaisg'
Ag iarraidh Córaig.

Na Rusianich air mullach Alma
Cogach deacaìr beachdail dalma,

'Na'n sreathan coisichean 's marcaich
 'An rian coraig aìr an uchdaich,
 Na naimh'dean shuas. An creachan dì-lionn,
 Fhuair na Gaedheil ordugh direadh,
 O bhearradh nan liath-chreag carraich,
 Thaomadh fras nan sgrios 'n 'am broilleach,
 A'm builsgein dubh-neoil a chasgraidh,
 Leum na h-àrmuinn gun ghealtachd,
 Bheuc an Leomhan "Buaidh a dhain'eoin,"
 Tharruing sliochd nam Fiann an lannan,
 Mar thuil Chluaidh chuisleach le gleann,
 Luath's mire sruth airgìd Eas-Linn,
 B'ionnan sud braise nan sonn,
 A'maomadh do'n àrfhaich 'na'n deann.
 Fo'n t-sròl ghreadhnach nach da chiosaich
 Is aosmhòr cliu 's ì ur mar bha, [namh,
 Le lannan leathan nan ceann ais'nach,
 Dhfhàg sibh creuchdan sgrios us' osnaich,
 Euchdan nan curaidh gun smal,
 D'an duthaich tìr nam beann's nan tuil.
 O àirde chreagach nam bac,
 Chùr sibh ruaig air feachd an t-sneachd,
 Chrith'nich iad le oillt roimh sgraing,
 An Leomhain deirg 'nuair chrath e'mhuing.

Ga'n sgànradh le bruthach gun taíng.
 Bu gharg a shrachd e'm beìn 's an cuíng,
 Gniomh o'r cuimhne nach sgarar,
 Fhad's a mhaireas cuan a's talamh.

BALACLABA.

Le gleadhraich arm a's torrunn làmhaich,
 Air learga chiar Bhalaclabha,
 Chunnaic mi spairte ri crann,
 Iolair spùllach an da chinn,
 Feitheid ifrinn gun chlos.
 A'reubadh creiche tuath a's deas,
 Miltean a'freagairt da' smachd,
 Foill's ful a's ar' na'm beachd,
 Dùdach nan ran searbh a' beùchdaich.
 Steùdan Coraig 'a leumnich,
 Buidheann bhorb nan cochull lachduinn,
 'Na'n sreathan dluth air an leachduinn,
 Ghluais iad o àird' an fhuinn,
 'Na'm beinge throm gu lar a ghlinn,
 Lannan reùbaidh 's gach gláic,
 'S am facal còmhraig bas gun iochd.

NA GAEDHEIL.

Chunnaic mi air lom na faiche,
 'San earradh fliuch le braon na moiche,
 'Na'n staing dhion's a bhealach chumhann,
 Fir dhìreach àrd nam broilleach leathan,
 Meirghe na h-Alba sgaoilte,
 Suaithcheantas a Mòrachd aòsd',
 Osceann reang na mìlidh uaibhreach,
 Ga'n stuigeadh gu toiteal a bhualaidh,
 Cha b'ion-air-eigin ach toil,
 An fhuil ard gun tioma ri uchd goil,
 A bhrosnachadh gu h-eùchd an sinnsear,
 So an sgeul mar a dhinnseadh.

Bhrùchd a marc shluagh an coinneamh,
 Na'n Gaedheal na'n cois 's iad annamh,
 Deich ma'n aon air an aodann,
 'S gun chul-taic ach gleachd 'na'n aonar,
 Clíu nach teirig do na gaisgich,
 Mar lasair dheirg a' àmhuinn loisgich,
 O fheadain ghorm nan cuilbheir cinnteach,
 Chunnaic mi na caoirean teinnteach,
 An gleann 'na bluidealait strianach,
 Mar bhruaillein doireann 's an iarmailt,

Na dealan-ghobhlach a' sputadhl,
 A' bolg neoil na' fillean dubhlaidh,
 Cuimhneachan buaidh a's gabhaidh,
 Air Albin ghaoil 's air clannaibh Ghaidheal.
 A dhearbh iad an sud a dhain'eoin,
 'Nuair fhuair iad mar fhad an lannan
 Chuala mi sgread nan làn cheann Ileach,
 Ga'n tarruing a truaillean riomhach,
 Stad an teine 's thoisich spealtadh,
 Marcaichean gnù ga'n sgoltadh,
 Luirichean sligneach nan àlt,
 A bruansgail le beumaibh neart,
 Conspuinn na'm "Breacan an Eileadh."
 A dhion a chòir 's a cheannsaich eàcoir,
 Fo ìuil a cheannaird do-chiosaitc'
 Cailein Caimbeal mac an Ilich.
 'S cian sgaoilteach do chliu a nochd,
 A lamh dheas na' miltean feachd,
 Ghrios mi FIONN' le Mac an Lùin,
 A bhi ri d' thaobh an gaoir nan guin,
 'Nuair bhualt thu'm builsgein a ghabhaidh,
 Sheas thu 'd chliu do t'ainm 's do d' Bhan-
 Sheas thu 't-uamhas do d'namhaid [righ'n,
 Thug thu buaidh'us sguab thu 'n arach.

RANN CRUINNEACHADH COMUNN NAM FIANN;

Ann an Glascho : air a cheud latha de'n Bhliadhna, 1858.

Sonas us' meas, mar a dhiarrainn;
Do Chomunn anmadail, nam Fianntan;
O'n tir thuathach, chluaineach bheannach;
Garbh chriochan, nan creachan corrach,
Aisridh chas, nan dian shruth steallach:
Caill spionndach, nan allt easach linneach.
'S iongantach, eagsamhuil, aluin:
T' aodann stucach, ghlinn us' Lairig,
'S an cuan mu'd chladach a' gairich,
Cluinnear nuallan, stuadhan saile,
Le toirm gun chrioch; ri d' thir a' barcadh;
A mhathair laoch, as' uaigh gach namhaid:
A dhfleuch ri d'shaors' a chuir an cunnart,
Le gairge, le mirun, na le ainneart:
A Bhan-righ'n nan riogh'chd, is aird urram;
A sheinn na Baird; le buaidh chaithream:

'S a tha' nis do mhic: rathail laochail,
 A' dion, mar urram nach caochail,
 Canain us' culaidh; Fhiann 's an cuimhne
 'S mar a sine, 's ann is doimhne;
 A fhreumhaicheas; an aigneadh Ghaedheal,
 Na' ni, 's na theirear, aig gach comhail:
 'S an cruinnich, armuinn de' gach Finè,
 'An caidreamh brath'reil: Seadh an coinne.

Thig Alpeinich shean, Freumh ar Righ'rean,
 Us Stiubbartaich fhlathail; de'm fior-fhuil
 Domhnullaich ain-theasach sar-fhir.
 O eileinean cuain 's o mhor-thír.
 Clann Lachainn treun uasal rioghail:
Taisgeach mhuirneach foghlum Ghaedheal.

Duibhnich gaisgeil stolda, cinnteach,
 'S Frisealaich, na h-innsgin theinnteach:
 Cam'ronaich chruaidh nan euchd minic,
 A choisin cliu bhuan nach teirig.
 Clann Ghriogair chatharra nan comhrag,
 'S miorbhUIL teasruiginn, na's beo dhibh:
 Uaill gach Finè, cliu bhur cruadail,
 Dhubhlanaich sibh sgrios 's bha buaidh leibh.

Clann Laomain ainmeil, le'n reachd sonruicht'
 " Na brist gealladh 's na guidh namhaid."

Leathanaich uaibhreach, dian smachdail;
 Dhearbh sibh riamh, bhur gaisge riochdail.
 Clann an Aba; cogach staitail,
 Fir mhór dheachdair, mhodhail uiseil:
 O linn nam Fiann 'an teug-bhoil lannan,
 'S gann a thainig, bhur comh-ionnan,
 Clann Neachtain; o Leitir Cholg-Fhinn,
 Cha' n'eil Fine 'sine 'an Albin,
 Deanachadh, laochail, 's beagan bruidhne,
 Buaidhean urramach bhur cuimhne.

Clann Donnachaídh armuinn nan lan ruisgte,
 'S ioghnadh bhur Seanachas do na dheisd e,
 Bhur Meirghe gun choimheas fhathast;
 Cha'n fhaeas riamh 's cha dtig a rithist;
 A'm bratach treubh, na Finè eile:
 Columnan, us' Beithir nimhe,
 Riochd sgrios; 's teachdaire neamhaidh
 Urras gaoil, us' diogh'ltas gabhaidh.
 Clann Choinnich ailleal, toirteil, treubhach,
 Lasgarra, fiall, cuirteil treorach,

Neartmhор mar' bha'n cail 'san inntinn;
Teisteas a bha sibh riamh a' toilltinn.

Clann Ionmhuin iochdmor, buadhach dileas,
Thug feartan duibh tuigs' ard mar dhuthchas,
Suinn chalma, reachdmhor o fhreumh Ghri-
Ionmhuinn, gach am a'freagair: [ogair,
Sibh aimm na seirc. Uaill 'ur brath' rean,
'S gach ait 'am bheil sibh: fo na speuran.

Aon fhacal do dh-uaislean a chomuinn,
'S a cheolraidlh a' briodal a leannain,
Cha mhearachd dhuibh; na sgeul gun sireadh
Ged' tha roinn a Bhaird gu deireadh.
Eisdibh: seirm pongan dhos;
'S tartaraich aon cheumach chas,
Farum triall, Siol Chuinn a' teachd:
Sgeul a dhinnseas mic bhur mac; [hail,
Cuimhn' 'ur comhail, 's teachd Chlann Dug-
Gu cuirm ghreadhnach: coisri' Ghaedheal.

Foirm Piob-mhor, a' reubadh Aeir,
Reang laoch, a' freagairt le comh-fhoghar,
Lannan tairngt' 'an laimh gach curaidh;
Sliochd crodha, nan Sonn airidh;

O'n dfhuair sinn canain gun choimeas,
'S a chliu a's ard' a bha na bhitheas; [dean:
'S ar n' earradh buadhach; oillt ar naimh'-
Fo'n aithnich gach sluagh, Gaedheil Albin;
Air feadh gach riogh'chd, air fad na Cruinne:
'S a leanas ruinn mur fannaich sinne.

SUISDE CHONAIN.

Latha' bha seanachaidh nan cnoc,
A' siubhal airdean us' ghlac,
Garblach bheanntan us' shlochd,
Gun chuimhn air math na air lochd,
Cha dfhàg e Caibeal càrn na carragh,
Eadar Dùnsuinn 'sann Ròinn Ghallach,
Air leitir air leana na air staca,
Nach do sgrìob e leis' na phoca,
B'e sud cual na' mìltean seorsa,
'Bh' air dronnag a chrubaich neonaich,
'S e seinn piobaireachd Mhic Mhath,
Gheibh mi na chi' 'Thoir dhomh thoir dhomh,'
O bheinn gu magh 's o shrath gu h-aonach,
Air feadh charn us' uamhan frògach,
'An doimhneachd ghleann us' cladhach cuain
Ag iarraidh airneis nam Fiann,
Bu choingeis leis greimiche na ladar,
Criadhar, budhal, mias, na meadar,

Clobha bior-teallaich na slabhraiddh,
 Eallag, Crùisgein, na Crann aimhreidh,
 Geannuaire fàiriche na Crògan,
 Suisde Rallsa na Corr-shùgan,
 Cliabh-spidrich Corran na Sgian-bharrain,
 Cas-chrom carn-slaodaidh na Curran,
 Bior-glantachain Caibe na Greallag,
 Na fiodhrach crainn o 'bhonn gu corrag,
 Pleadhag Màtag na Cnotag,
 Lair-chaibe Torra-sgian na Caiteag,
 Na'n saoilte gu'm fac iad Fionn,
 Bhiodh sud aig Croman nan rann.
 Coma latha de' na laithean,
 A shuidh e' toa'irt fois da' lùighean,
 Chunnaic e thall air bearradh,
 An cumhradh a bha e riamh a' sìreadh,
 Ars easan ris fhe',
 Gach fear is fhearr'an cinnseal gnothuich,
 Us' mac na socharaich g'a' mhithich,
 Bithidh fear diuid gun ni gun fhonn,
 Lamh m'a chùl cinn na tha'nn,
 Bithidh so leam dhachaidh airmo dhruim,
 Latha mo rath "bun na cuise,"
 Storas nach dfhuair duin' 'an al so,

Luchairt Mhic Cumhail 's na' h-innte,
 "Mis 's mi fhe'" 's gun tuilleadh cainnte,
 Spiod e'n graid' amach air sgroig,
 A póca bann an éilidh bhig,
 Beann biorach buadhach Mhic Alpein,
 Paruic nan clar cliamhain Oisein,
 Thoisich e gu làmhar sunntach,
 Ealamh gleusta súileach cinnteach,
 A' gabhail cunntas 's 'n áirichd,
 Gun sùil ri coaid na ri tòrachd,
 Gus an cual e starum chas,
 A' tighin gu suigeartach clis,
 "Failte fear fuath 'a meadhon feisde,"
 Conan a' coinealachadh a shuisde
 'S e' trog-bhoil a suas am bruthach,
 Gu 'n deanadh easan grabadh gnothuich
 'S b'ionnan a thachair mar a thuirt,
 Gun fhuireach ri' gabhail na ri to'airt,
 Thilgeadh a mháiled ri talamh,
 Sgeul nan creach maирг na coinneamh,
 'S amach bha 'n crubach leis an leathad,
 Gun amharc air cas-cheum na frith r'ad,
 Thug e troimh gach lod us easga,
 Feur-lochan leoig us' beul uisge,

Gus an dfhuair e'n cuil nan cèirsach,*
An taobh shuas do dh-Artt 'an ceann na
griosach.

* Carles.

MOCHEIRIGH FHINN.

Tha coig ceud deug us' deich tri fichead,
'S da bhliadn' eil air dol seachad,
On a chaidil Fionn 'na airm chois'eart,
'Na leaba sheilg air bruachan Dochairt*
An la' roimhe 'nuair' dhuisg e gu moch
Dhèirich e 's dhamhairc e' mach,
Ghlaoidh e air Oisein is air Goll,
Cha d'fhreagair aon bha'n Fheinn air chall,
Ghrad thug e as ris a bheinn,
Ag iarraidh Aonghas Chill-Fhinn,
Cha do dhirich e fad' an t'uchd,
'Nuair' chunnaic e' lamh dheas a' teachd,
Us' eallach a dhröm' air a mhuin,
De' gach ioghnadh' bha o shean,
Sgiath Churaich 's clogad Mhánuis,
Cuigeal us Fearsaid Eamhair Aluin,
Sleagh Dhiarmad 's Crios-muineal Bhran,
Crann-arm Fhinn us' Mac an Luin,

* Abhainn Dochairt lamh ri eill Fhinn 'am Bragh'd Alba.

Dearbh fhreumhan fior Chraobh Loduinn,
 Breacan Oscair 's bogha Threin-mhoir,
 'S Bratach seachd cathan na Feinne,
 'S mar sin' sios ma 's fior am Filidh,
 A chuirreadh na' rann moran tuilleadh,
 Mur bitheadh Mac an Aba,
 Mur b'abhaist a labhairt gu modhail duineil
 stàitail.

Le cead bhur Mòrachd a Mhic Cumhail,
 Ciod a b'aill leibh 's moch ur' siubhal.

Stad a laochain arsa Fionn,
 Gus an roinn mi oirbh na tha'nn,
 So dhuitsa mo chrios us' Mac an Luin*
 Mo chrann-arm 's crios-muineil Bhran,
 Sleagh Mhic o Duibhn' do Chailein Ghrianaig,
 Sgiath Churaich do dh-Artt dileas fialaidh,
 Breacan Oscair 's biodag Fhaolain,
 Do Dhomhnall nan còrn an ceann-feadhna,
 Sin duibh mo dhileab Beannachd buan leibh,
 'S ghrad sparr e' n CRUN air CREAG UAIN.

* Ainm Claidheamh Fhinn.

'S iad na rannan so' leanas ceud oidhirp an ughdair,
'Nuair abha e na bhalachan a' gleidheadh cruidh, aig
Iain Mac a Bhriuthain tuathanach measail, ann an Losaid
na Ranna an Ile, bha 'm, Buachaille 's an am dluth air
ceitheir bliadhna deug, de' dh-aois b'e Donnachadh a tha
'n so air ainmeachadh, mac mor an tuathanaich.

BRAN.

Thus' a Bhran mo chuilein boidheach,
Tha thu laoghach spòrsail suairc,
Cha bhi thu tabhann ri daoine,
Na cuir nan caorach anns an ruaig,
Cha dteid thu' nunn air Dun-gháirseig,
A dhol 'ga 'n sgánradh feadh nam bruach,
Cha b'ionnan is *Collie* Iain,
Dhith e' shaith dhiubh iomádh uair.

Tha thu leumneach luth'or,
Mireagach surdail 's thu luath,
Bheir mi roinn duit de 'na gheibh,
'S cumaidh tu na bodaich bhuam,

'Nuair a thig an Sac bànn's a Cháointeach,
 'S na tha'n Gleann Mac Ao dhiubh'nuas,
 Bheir iad Donnachadh do 'n Bhruth leo,
 Gleidh thus' Uilleam 's gheibh thu duais.

Theid mi do 'n lodan a m' fhalcadh,
 'S bithidh a ghlaisrig air bhruaich,
 'S nuair a ghlaodhas mi "cul chas" riut,
 Cha' bhi an tath-sealladh dh'i shuas,
 Bitnidh mi' n sin a seinn an fheadain,
 'S tusa beiceis m' an cuairt,
 'S tu ag amharc an d-toir mi cead duit,
 A sgrogadh speirean an daimh ruaidh.

Cha'n iarr thu snooisein na Tombaca,
 Cha bhrist thu glas 's cha bhi thu'g òl,
 'S fhearr leat a bhi' ruith nam feitheid,
 'S bhi leams' a' gleidheadh nam bò,
 Seasaidh tu air Creag an fhithich,
 A dh-fhaicinn am bi mis a 'd chòir,
 'Nuair' bhith's an Fheannag 's na speuran,
 A' magadh ort le béul nan gròc,

Bheir mise dhuit teisteas sgriobhta,
 Thu 'bhi dileas air mo chùl,

'S nach innis thu gu 'm bi mi' cadal,
Na' 'g iarraigdh nead air an Dun,
Tha thu sleamhain dubh 's do chluasag,
A lubadh anuas m'ad' shuil,
'S adhain'eoin na their luchd an tuaileis,
'S companach duin' uasail thu.

ORAN DO DHOMHNULL MAC DHIARMAID,

GILLE OG ILEACH.

A Dhomhnuill oig gu'm faic sinn slàn thu,
Beannachd bhuainn gu luath le fàilte,
Gheibh thu craobh-sheanachais do shìnnsear
O sheachduinn na dìle mar 'dhfhas iad.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Bha mi 'n so a'm' chreòlain chrubach,
Uair air leaba 's uair air ùrlar,
'Nuair' chuala mi fear sgairteil lùth'or,
A' teachd le cabhaig dluth 's e 'g radhtin,

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

An ann an so 'tha Mac Dhun-Leibhe,
Cha'n'eil latha tha mi 'g eiridh,
Gun litir o fhear na o the dha,
'S iongantach leam fhe' na tha diubh.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Tha cuid diubh a' Maninn 's a' Eirin,
 Cuid a' Sasghun 's a' Duneidin,
 Le gearradh arm gach fir 's a sheula,
 'S bithidh aon o Dhubh-sleibh dha' maireach.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Cha d' aithnich mi'n lamh-sgriobhaidh ghasta
 Gus an d'fhosgail mi'n seula naisgte,
 'Nuair' chunnaic mi'n Gàedheal a phaisg i,
 Thoisich na facail so ri tàthadh.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Leugh mi' mach i gun iarraigdh,
 'S bu mhodhail snasmhor a briath'ran,
 Nuair' rainig mi Domhnall Mac Dhíarmaid,
 Dhfhalbh m' iargain 's rinn mi gàire.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Thuirt bean an tighe 's mairig a shòradh,
 Cuir an t-seanachais an ordugh,
 Thoir tus us' deireadh an sgeoil da,
 'S iomraiteach am pòr o'n dfhas e.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

So a dhuine tog do mhisneach,
 'S cruaidh an cuibhreach nach gabh bristeadh
 'S cuis olc nach fhacas ni 's miosa,
 Cha deanadas neo-ghlic a chraiddh thu.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Ged' tha thu leasganach crùbach,
 Chunnaic mis' thu dana lùth'or,
 Tha mi mar' bha o thùs duit,
 'S is laidir ar càra nach fàilnich.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Toisich gabh an dail an Fhrancaich,
 'S mar leughas tu eadar-theangaich,
 Cha chost an duais-sgriobhaidh *planc* dhuit,
 Foghnaidh dhomhsa rann mar chach bhuit.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Gabhaidh mise *Wynton* foghlumt',
 Chi sinn an dean iad cordadh,
 'S theid Mac Dhíarmaid a thorachd,
 Gun bun na craobh 's is leoир a h-àilleachd.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Dhfhosgail i bòsdan glàiste,
 'S am bheil seorsachan 'an tasgaidh,
 Fhuair i it 'a gheoidh ghlaibh ann,
 'S chaidh i air thapadh mar b' àbhaist.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Thug i'n t-seircag sgaiteach liobhaidh,
 A' truaill bheag nan orachd rìomhach,
 A bha coig linntean aig a sinnsfir,
 'An gleann tiorail fad o'n t-sàile.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Ghearr i gu sgeannail seòlta,
 An it o' barr m'a leth oìrligh,
 Le sgoltadh cho caol ri ròineag,
 Guibein glan 'bu bhòidh'ch a thairr'neadh.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

Na cruthanan maiseach neònach,
 Ri taobh a cheil' an deagh òrdugh,
 Na 'n sreathan snasmhor direach doigheil,
 M' eibhneas sònruicht' an làmh ud.

A Dhomhnuill oig, &c.

CRAOBH SHEANACHAIS CHLANN DIARMAID.

UILLEAM CAIMBEAL AN TRIATH AORACH. MDCCCLVI.

Mac Iain,
 Mac Iain,
 Mac Iain,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Chailein,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Chailein,
 Mac Chailein,
 Mac Chailein,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Neill,
 Mac Chaileinmhoir,
 Mac Dhonachaidh,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Chailein,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Ghilleaspuic,
 Mac Phól,
 Mac Dhonachaidh-an-áigh,
 Mac Neillmhoir,
 Mac Mheirbimhoir,
 Mac Eoghain Riabhaich,
 Mac Raoine Ghairbh,
MAC DHARMAID,
 Mac O Duibhne,

Mac Chatha Fanan,	
Mac Cholla Meann,	
Mac Eochaидh Dubhlein,*	Righ Eirin.
Fiachadh Sreabhthuine,	Righ Eirin.
Facha-Airgeach,	Righ Eirin.
Cairbre-Liffeachair,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaídh-Gunait,	Righ Eirin.
Cormaic-Ulfada,	Righ Eirin.
Fearghas-Dubh-fhiacalach,	Righ Eirin.
Lughaidh-Mac Conn,	Righ Eirin.
Airtt-Aonfhir,	Righ Eirin.
Conar Mac Conn,	Righ Eirin.
CONNCEUD CHATHACH,	Righ Eirin.
Cathaire-mor,	Righ Eirin.
Feidhlimhidh-Reachtmhor,	Righ Eirin.
Tuathal Teachtmhor,	Righ Eirin.
Eilim Mac Conrach,	Righ Eirin.
Cairbre Ceann-Cait,	Righ Eirin.
Fiachadh-Fionoluidh,	Righ Eirin.
Fiach-Fion Mac Daire,	Righ Eirin.
Fearaidhach-Fionfachtnach,	Righ Eirin.
Crioman-Niathnar,†	Righ Eirin.
Conar-Abhraidh-ruadh,‡	Righ Eirin.
Lughaidh-Riabdhearg,	Righ Eirin.
Fineamhnas,	Righ Eirin.
Conar Mac Eidirsgeoil,	Righ Eirin.
Nuadha-Neacht,	Righ Eirin.
Eidir-sgeoil,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaídh-Aireamh,	Righ Eirin.
Finn Mac Filocha,	Righ Eirin.
Finlocha Mac Roighnein-Ruadh,	Righ Eirin.

* Bha o'n duine so dhiubh air an ais na'n Righrean Eirin mar a leanas faic gu h-ard.

† Air uairaibh Criomthan. ‡ A.M. 4000.

Easamhuin Eamhna,*	Righ Eirin.
Blachta Mac Labhra Luirc,	Righ Eirin.
Labhra-Luire,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaidh-Feidhlioch,	Righ Eirin.
Fachtna Fathach,	Righ Eirin.
Duach Dalta,†	Righ Eirin.
Conall-Claireinach,	Righ Eirin.
Lughaidh Luaghne,	Righ Eirin.
Breisal,‡	Righ Eirin.
Lonadhlmhair,§	Righ Eirin.
Ruairidh Mor,	Righ Eirin.
Ruairidh Sitridh,	Righ Eirin.
Criomthancosgrach,	Righ Eirin.
Eandaigneach,	Righ Eirin.
Niadhseadhmhuin,	Righ Eirin.
Conallcallamhrach,	Righ Eirin.
Aonghastuirmheach,	Righ Eirin.
Fearghasfortmhuill,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaidhfoltleathan,	Righ Eirin.
Admharfoltcaoin,	Righ Eirin.
Oillioll,	Righ Eirin.
Fearcorb,	Righ Eirin.
Conta,¶	Righ Eirin.
Aonghasollomh,	Righ Eirin.
Modhcorb,**	Righ Eirin.
Meilge,††	Righ Eirin.
Labhraloinsgeach,	Righ Eirin.
COBHTACHGADBREAGH,	Righ Eirin.
Laoghaire Lorc,	Righ Eirin.
Bad-chudh,	Righ Eirin.
Ugaine Mor,	Righ Eirin.

* Mac Labhra-Luire.

† Air uairabh Duach-Dalta-Deaghadh.

‡ Breisal-Bo-dhiabh.

§ Mac Niasain.

|| Casfhiacalach.

¶ Mac iaran Glo fathach.

** Mac Cobhtach-Caomh.

†† Mac Cobhtach-Gaol-breagh.

Eochaidhbuadhaig,	Righ Eirin.
Reachd-taice,*	Righ Eirin.
Machadh-mungruadh,	Righ Eirin.
Conbaothmacfiontaine,	Righ Eirin.
Diotorba,†	Righ Eirin.
Aodh ruadh,	Righ Eirin.
Lughaidh-Laigh,	Righ Eirin.
Duach Laighrach,	Righ Eirin.
Sior Lamh,	Righ Eirin.
Seaman Breac,	Righ Eirin.
Seadhna Ionaraice,	Righ Eirin.
Fionn Mac Bratha,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaiddh Ap-thach,	Righ Eirin.
Nuadh Fionn-Fail,	Righ Eirin.
Airt imleach,	Righ Eirin.
Giallachadh Mac OLCHAOIN,	Righ Eirin.
Eithna Mac Rotheachta,	Righ Eirin.
Aillin Mac Rotheachta,	Righ Eirin.
Siorna Saoghalach Mac Dein,	Righ Eirin.
Dein Mac Rotheachta,	Righ Eirin.
Oillioll Mac Slanoll,	Righ Eirin.
Bearn Gall,	Righ Eirin.
Fiachadh Mac Fionachta,	Righ Eirin.
Geide-Oll-gothach,	Righ Eirin.
Slan Oll,	Righ Eirin.
Fionachta,	Righ Eirin.
Ollam Fodhla,	Righ Eirin.
Aild-dearg·oidh,	Righ Eirin.
Muin-cean-choin,	Righ Eirin.
Fiachadh Fan-gothach,	Righ Eirin.
Rathcuachain,	Righ Eirin.
Maoin Mac Aonghuis,‡	Righ Eirin.

* Corr uair Reachd-taice-Righ-dearg.

† Mac Diomain.

‡ Ollmuchach.

Rotheachta Mac Maoin,	Righ Eirin.
Eadan Airgtheach,	Righ Eirin.
Aonghas-Ollmhuchach,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaидh Mumha,	Righ Eirin.
Fiachadh Labhruine,	Righ Eirin.
Smior Guil,	Righ Eirin.
Ean-bothadh,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaيدh Faobharglas,	Righ Eirin.
Cearmna,	Righ Eirin.
Eochaيدh-Fadsgothach,	Righ Eirin.
Tighear-mhais,	Righ Eirin.
Follain,	Righ Eirin.
Conn-maol,	Righ Eirin.
Eiriall,	Righ Eirin.
Irial-Faidh,	Righ Eirin.
Earmon Mac	Righ Eirin.
MILEAG ESPAINE CEUD,*	RIGH EIRIN

* Extracted from Count O'Kelly's Essay and other Milesian records.

ORAN DO ARTT MAC LACHAINN,

DUIN' UASAL EARRA-GHAEDHEALACH.

FONN.

Slàinte bhuan do Artt Mac Lachainn,
Cuimhneachan do'n uasal ghast ud;
Togaibh cliù le fonn na séist,
'S cha'n innisg bréig ach sgeula ceart e.

Dh-fheudainn labhairt a'm' òran,
Air uaislean 's air ursannan còraig;
Air Teallsanaich 's air àrd luchd-fòghlum:
'S ann do'n t-seòrs' ud Artt Mac Lachainn.
Slàinte, &c.

An Cill-a-Bhrid' Earra-Ghàidheal,
Gheibhear craobh-sheanachaise na bha dhibh;
A's ged a mhill sgrioblom an fhàrdach,
Gun taing dh'i dhfhlàgadh Artt Mac Lachainn.
Slàinte, &c.

Fhir òig a thig a' tìr nan Ard-bheann,
 Air t'aineoil 's tu gun nì gun chàirdean;
 Ma tha thu saor de' mhi-mheas tàireil :
 Gheibh thu bàigh o Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

Ma's duin'uasal thu d'ar-righribh,
 Macanta, suairce, dileas;
 A ghleidh an rath'd àrd le firinn ;
 Lean thu direach Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

Ma's duin' thu le stiuradh nàduir,
 Tha'n comainn na tuigs' a dh-fhàs leat;
 A's thu guidhe gu'm faigh thu do làn d'i,
 Ruig do bhràthair Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

Ma's fear thu, le beusan stòld', [chuis;
 A dh-fhògair gruaim 'sa dh-fhuathaich mòr-
 'Sa bhristeas gun fhiamh giall an fhòirneart,
 Tha do dhòigh aig Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

'Nuair chaidh sliochd nam Fiann an òrdugh,
 A ghleidheadh cuimhne Bàrd Bheinn-Dor-
 B'e tùs a's deireadh an còmhraidh, [ain,
 'S cliu d'ar còmhail Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

Mairidh a chuimhne fad' an deigh so,
 An dion-seanachais nan linn a dh'éireas;
 'S gach fear a' feoraich d'a céil'
 An cual thu sgeul air Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

Bithidh iomradh àrd ort, le deagh dhùrachd,
 Aig Gàidheil 'n uair bhith's tu' d' smùrach;
 'S e'n gaol a thug thu riamh do d' dhùthaich,
 A dh-fhàgas ùr dhoibh Artt Mac Lachainn.

Slàinte, &c.

COMHRADH MAR GU'M BIODH E EADER

BANTIGHEARN' ELLERSLIE AGUS THOMAS LEARMONT,

*Nuair a theich Uilleam Wallace an deigh dha Seilbie
a mharbhadh.*

BANTIGHEARNA.

O amhghair c'ait an stad,
Do bhuillean goirt,
Na'n dtig crioch air àr nan deùir,
Na c'uin a thogas t' uallach,
Dhinn us' diobradh lèir,
O thus' a Righ na gloir,
O'n dfhuair sinn bith,
Gleidh na dhfhuirich beo,
Nach leoир na thuit,
Mar iobairt chasgraidh,
Do 'namhaid borb nach sguir,
A thòrachd mo mhic ghaoil,
Air faondradh feadh choilltean fàs,
'S 'am frògan uaigneach bheann,

'S a theachd an tìr,
 De' fhaobh nam bruidean allt,
 Na luibhean searbh na frìdh,
 'S nach eòil domh 'm bheil e tinn,
 Na slàn na theagamh marbh le dith,
 'S nach cluinn mi tulleadh,
 C'ait an tuit e'n lamh an eig,
 'S na naimhdean fuileach,
 Air a thoir a dhfheudas teachd 'na dhail,
 'Nuair' dhfhailnicheas a threoir,
 'S e fann 's nach aobhar eagail,
 Do na daoidh a lamh na lann,
 Nach do thuit mo choimpir uasal treun,
 Athair reubt' le iomadh lot,
 Fo shleaghan bas'or Ghall,
 'S ar mac gun deò ri' thaobh,
 'An cath mo chreach,
 A thug iad uam araon.

O Uile chumhachd da'n leir gach ni,
 'Thug t-ainm gloirmhor do gach àl,
 Mar Athair gaoil us' sìth,
 Dean furtachd air mo chàs,
 A Righ nan Righ.

THOMAS.

Co'r son a tha thu' caoidh,
 'S nach eil 'an so ach seal,
 Mar bhōinn' an doimhn' a chuain,
 Tha ùin' an duin' a bhos,
 'An coimeas ris a bhith gun chrioch,
 A bheir caochladh beatha dhuinn,
 'An Riogh'chd na bith-bhuantachd,
 Far am faigh sinn gràs gu gràs,
 Us' gloir gu gloir,
 Gu siorruidh a' fàs 's a fàs,
 Ni's mo 's ni's mo,
 'An eolas gaoil us' sith,
 An Tì da'm buin gach cliu,
 A ta 'gar smachdachadh an diugh,
 Mar chinneach ciontach,
 Nach do lean a ghuth,
 Ged' shaor e sinn co tric,
 O'r naimhdean laidir fiat,
 A bha fad air tìth ar sgrios,
 Nach dfhuair an toil mar 'dhiarr,
 Us bheir e' rithist air a h-ais,
 An t-saors' a thugadh bhuainn,

Bi cinnteach thig an là,
 'S am faigh sinn fois mar 'fhuair.

Co'r son a tha thu a' caoidh?
 'S do bhron eo trom,
 A'n e do mhac 'bhi 'mach,
 Fo mheachain choill us' bheann.
 Gun fhurtachd ach a shaors',
 A chridhe treun 's a lann.

Co'r son a tha thu a' caoidh?
 Ged 'tha e' nis 'an càs,
 Us rolla Freasdail duint',
 Bi cinnteach thig an la,
 'S am faicear *àgh nam fear*,
 A triall le greadhnachas nan Clann,
 Gu h-iomairt chruaidh nan lann,
 Bi cinnteach thig an la,
 'S an cluinnear anns gach tìr,
 Us' mairidh gu la 'bhràth,
 Air feadh gach linn 'ga luaidh,
 A ghibit a fhuair do mhac,
 Nach ceannaich òr na luach,
 A chuir gu Cinneach claoidht,

Fo amhghar sgiurs gun iochd,
 Nam borb 'bha riamh ri lochd,
 Co'r son a tha thu' caoidh,
 Tha 'n latha tarruing dlùth,
 'S an tionndaidh smachd a bhàis,
 Air cinn nam fairneartach gun bhàigh.

Co'r son a tha thu' caoidh,
 Bi cinnteach thig an là,
 'S am faicear Albin saor,
 A dhain'eoin fuath us' treis',
 Na chuir i 'n amhghar geur,
 'S a tha fhathast to'airt fuath,
 Do mhac rath nam buadh.

Co'r son a tha thu' caoidh,
 O's garbh a dhiogh'lar fàth,
 Do bhroin a bhean,
 Bi cinnteach thig an là,
 'S an sgoilt an stàilin glas,
 Goillean na' mùgach allt,
 'S an gialan a spreadadh air feur,
 Le deannal nan cruadh lann bèurr.

Co'r son a tha thu' caoidh,
Faic drìllsein dearg air barr gach sleibh,
'S crois Tara 'ruith,
A' tional nam fear mor,
Connspuinn euchdach nan cas dearg,
Neart mhar Leoghanaibh frìdh,
Fo bhrataichean iomadh dathach gu buaidh,
A tho'airt air ais duinn,
Na tha bhuainn, sonas us' sìth.

FAILTE MHAIRI NIC NEACHTAIN,

BEAN UASAL ANN AN GLASCHO.

Sgeul a dhfhasgas mi do chách,
Cuimhneachan na tha 's mar 'fhuair,
Mi'n te mhaiseach is fhearr gnè,
Mathair mhac us ceil 'an fhir mhoir,
M' an cualas' na ait,
Ri guaillin an t-sean laoich,
Air fireach nam boid.*

Is ioghnadh ordugh gach ni,
'An oibir an Tí' thug o shean,
Mar choimpire do'n duine 'na fheum,
Roinn deth fein da'n goirear bean,
Saoileam nach fiaradh o'n chòir,
Ged a shonruich mise 'na' measg,
Aon le subhailcean árd,
Nach h-urrainn mi 'n trath s' a mheas.

* Faic cuimhneachan Bhragh'd Alba.

Beannachd dhuit annsachd na seirc,
 Stolda daonnachdail ciuin,
 'S tric thu 'furtachd na h-airc,
 Le gean us' le toil t'fhear rúin,
 'S barrant air sonas gun chrioch,
 Macantachd dílseachd us' truas,
 Us' tuigse thar moran beo,
 A fhuair thu mar thiodhlachd gu feum,
 Nan ainnis fo leon.

Leanaidh sud riut fad do rè,
 Guidhe nam feumach 's deagh-ghean chàich,
 'S tha 'n gealladh gu 'n ruig e do shliochd,
 'S nach dichuimhnich cùra nam bochd,
 Luchd teanachdais nan dibleach fann,
 A bhith's 'na Dhia 's na sgiath,
 Dhoibh sud 's da 'n clann.

Beannachd us' failte 'na dheigh,
 Gu CEIL' an fhir chalma dheas,
 Us' duthchas duibh araon da Dhun,
 OLLA na múirn us' DA RAMH,
 'S bithidh mise 's an Tur,
 Dha'm buin mi fhè.

UILLEAM MAC DHUN-LEIBH,
 AM BARD.

RANN DO EOGHAN MAC CUIRRICH,

Fear teagaisg Gaelic ann am Baile Ath Cliath

A dhuin' uasail fhoghlumt mhúirnich,
Ged' bha mo cheolradh 's an smùraich,
Corr us' fichead bliadhna dhuisg i,
'Nuair chual i ainm an fhir chliuitich.

Eoghan gu buaidh.

Eirin uaine tog do cheann,
'S na bi ni 's mo fo ghlasaibh teamn,
Do chainnt oirdheire oil do d' chlann,
A thogas cliu le gloir neo-fhann,

Air Eoghan gu buaidh.

Canain aosda chlanna Mìlidh,
A bha'nns an t-saoghal riamh 's nach dibir,
Cha' chuir gánlas námhaid' sios i,
'S i' nis 'an làmhan a fear dìdein.

Eoghan gu buaidh.

Canain àigh nam buadhan oirdheirc,
 A b' fharsuing cliu air feadh na Eorpa,
 Bitidh i fhathast mar a thòisich,
 Osceann gach cainnt na h-iuchair eolais.

Aig Eoghan gu buaidh.

Tha tir nam beann 's nan tuil 'an gàol ort,
 Sean Albin chruaidh na' Morachd aosda,
 'Toirt furan duit le làmhan sgaoilte,
 A dhain' eoin co' their nach fáod i.

Eoighain gu buaidh.

Cha Chrois-Tara na Rosg-catha,
 Cha gaoir bais 'an gábhadh chlaidhean,
 Ach comhradh soluis nam flaithean,
 A tha 'an Innis Phail' na'n luidhe-
 'Tha'ig Eoghan gu buaidh.

Tha laoich nam Breacan a' cuir fàilt ort,
 Le fuaim stuic 's le caithream clarsaich,
 A' labhairt riut a nunn thar saile,
 Le seirc fuil uaibhreach nan Gaedheal.

Eoighain gu buaidh.

'S èoil doibh Seanachas na h-Eirean,
 Anns na linnibh cian a threig sinn,
 'S ni iad gu deonach a leughadh,
 'Nuair 'thig i o mheoir a chleirich.

Eoghan gu buaidh.

'S eoil doibh Eachdraidh nan àrmunn,
 Oilliolollam 's Connal cearnach,
 Conn-buadhach us' Loghlunn laidir,
 Brian bo roimhe 's na tha dhiubh,
 Aig Eoghan gu buaidh.

Guidheamaid 'dhuit cliu us' slainte,
 Urram us' meas anns gach aite,
 'S com' nach bi mise mar' tha cach dhuit,
Hurù mire mo chrìdh Righ na Gaelic.
 Eoghan gu buaidh.

CATH THOM EALACHAIDH

EADAR NA

GAE'IL ALBANNACH AGUS NA SASGHUNAICH

ANNS A BLIADHNA 1302.

O Albin co'r 'son nach,
Faic thu'n diugh air chòir,
Dìlseachd nan Airidhean feachd,
A dhfhuiling air do sgàth,
Cruadail bàs us' gleachd.

Co'r son nach bi thu mar a bha,
Nach tog thu'n aird do cheann,
Nach seas thu' rithist mar bu nòs,
Aig toiseach Riogh'chdan na h-Eòrp,
An d-toir gur neo-ghlan,
Nan gàrr mucach bhuaite do chiall,
Do mhaoin do chòir us' do Dhia,
Eirich a sheana Mhàthair bhuadhach,
Rioghail dhoirbh,
Ardanach aintheasach threorach gharbh,

Thig amach le d' Mhòrachd o shean,
 'S cluinneadh do mhic,
 Le seirm nam Bard co'r son.

'Nuair' rainig an sgeul na laoich,
 Nach obadh stri,
 Gu'n robh na naimhdean a' teachd,
 Air tìth an glacadh beo,
 Ruith na h-Albannaich do'n choill,
 'S an cridheachan mòr,
 Laiste le innsgin duthchais,
 Nam fear treun le 'm b' anns',
 An t-eug na mallachd cuing,
 A chuir èaceart air muineal cinneach saor,
 A bhrist i gun taing,
 Co ach Albannaich le treoir,
 A samhuil nach cualas riamh,
 A sheasadh 'an dùiseal nan spèic,
 Treubhach an gniomh,
 An fhichead fear a b' fhearr,
 A tharruing cruaidh,
 O na dhfhosgail Adhaimh a shùil,
 A thug cath do thri cheud,
 Fear garg cleachta ri àr,

Fiata mar Thuirc a' dion,
 An garaidh cuil 'am brocluinn,
 Ard nan stuc.
 B' ionnan na luinsichean ciar,
 A' ruith 'an coinneamh nan sonn,
 'Am bealach an doire ghuirm,
 Far an do sheas,
 UILLEAM UALAS le naoi fir dheug,
 A to'airt dùbhlàn do' nàmh,
 A luidh 'an sud mar chuir,
 Do bhruidhean na fridh,
 M'an deachaidh grian,
 Fo dhubhar na h-oidhche 's an iar,
 'Nuair' dbluthaich na naimhdean,
 Air na laoich,
 Cha' d'fhuair iad an cothrom a shaoil,
 Bha 'm bealach cumhang le stacan chrag,
 'S an cuilionn deilgneach gorm,
 'Ga 'n dion m'an cuairt,
 Staing riochd nan sonn 'bu ghaileadh nuar
 A thug coinne sgreataidh do na daoidh,
 Le lannan leathan geur,
 A bhual mar dhealain air sroin,
 Nan laoicean gun ghras,

A ruith do ghialan a bhais,
 Fo bhuillean nan treun,
 A bha spreadadh 'na'n cabhadh dearg,
 Claigain smuais us' feith'n,
 Na thainig a steach air bealach,
 Coisrigt' a chithear o linn gu linn,
 Far an d' itealaich an t-Aingeal dion,
 Os ceann nan Gaedheal' na'n airc,
 A' frithealadh neart do'n bhuidhinn bhig,
 Claoidhta le ionnsaidh nan sgaoth,
 Bha' spairneachd troimh'n ghlaic,
 Le cuthach fuath us' geilt,
 Roimh bhuillean an *dara Samsoin*,
Gaol nam firein nach do stad,
 Duais foille na namh,
 'An sud as ur 'an cas,
 Ged dhfhalbh na daoí le sgreamh,
 Us nach b' eoil doibh staid nan laoch,
 Bha cuid diubh leonta fann,
 'S am fiul mhoralach a' ruith,
 'Na caochain bhras 's gun doigh,
 Fhathast air dol as mar' thill,
 Na buirb 'na'n tri buidhnean,
 'An run bristeadh a steach,

Air doire nan iomradh cian,
Far an do chuireadh an cath dian,
A mhair lath 's oidhche,
Gus an do sgaoil falluing neòil,
A sgiort a sgar a chonnspaid,
Mar a dhorduich Righ bithbhuan,
Nan gras a bhith.
Ghabh na Gae'il an sanas,
Us' dhfhalbh iad fo'n chith.

A MHAIGHDEAN ILEACH,

EADARTHEANGAICHT O'N BHEURLA LE UGDAR NAN DUAN SO.

Aig cuan nuallanach nam bras shruth,
'S grian ag òradh nan tonn atmhor,
Air cluasag fheoir 's an lòn 'na mhaise,
Bu tric a rinn ònrachd m' altrom.

Air oiteag ghlan na mara seideadh,
Chluinnt an t-oran gaoil so 'm' bheul,
'S crònan an uillt troimh'n reidhlein,
Le borbhanaich chiuin 'ga m' bheusadh.

Ruitheadh ùin air sgiathaibh dichuimhn,
'Nuair thogain ceol do'n Mhaighdean Ilich,
'S a mais a' fadadh teine diomhair,
'Na lasair ghaoil 's nach faodainn innseadh.

Ged' bhiodh doirionn cuain a' seàdeadh,
'S dealanach feadh neoil 'ga'n reubadh,
'S torunn tairneinich a' beucaich,
Bheireadh cuimhne t'iomhaigh ceilidh domh.

Dhfhalbh sibh gu brath do'n t-siorr'achd,
 A laithean mo shòlais fior-ghlan,
 Na h-uairean a thomhais g'ar erich sibh,
 Cha till sibh a dhaiseag sìth dhomh.

'S mi 'sèubhas air faich a' m' ònrachd,
 Ag eisdeachd thonn ri tir a' còmhrag,
 'S cuimhneachan na dhfhalbh 'ga m' leonadh
 Theich sibh 'uam 's mi' so gun dòchas.



IAIN EORNA.

EADARTHEANGAICHTE O BHEURLA REABAIRT BURNS
LE UGHDAR NAN DUAN SO.

Bha tri Righ'rean, anns an ear,
Tri Righ'rean, mòrail ard,
Us' thug iad, mionnan gu'm bu chòir,
Iain Eorn' a chuir gu bàs.

Ghabh iad crann, us' threabh iad 'sios e,
Fo na sgrioban garbh,
Us bhoidich iad, le mionnan mor,
Gu'n robh, Iain Eorna marbh.

Thainig an T-earrach, beo a steach,
Thuit frasan, air o'n aird,
'S ghabh iad iongantas ro mhór,
Gu'n robh Ian Eorn' a fas.

Thainig grianaibh teith an t-samhraidh bhlath
Us chinn e laidir garbh,
Bha' cheann fo aim le sleaghaibh geur,
'S co dhfheudadh beud dha' thairgs.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

There were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

Thainig am foghar àigh a steach,
 Us' chinn e torach glas,
 Thug altaibh seact' air giorra shaogh'l,
 Us' chaochail e gu grad.

Bha' dhreach ro choltach ris an aog,
 'Nuair' thug an aois air searg,
 An sin thoìsich a naimhdean gu leir,
 Ri cuir an geill am fearg.

Ghabh iad arm 'bha fada geur,
 A ghearr m'a'n ghlùn e' sios,
 Us' cheangail iad e air féun gu dlùth,
 Mar shamhlar cùineadh Righ.

An sin leag iad e air a dhruim gu luath,
 Us' bhual iad e gu goirt,
 Us' chrioch iad e 's an doinion gharbh,
 'Ga' thionndadh thall 's a bhos.

An sin lion iad slochd' bha ogluidh dorch'
 Le h-uisg gu ruig' am beul,
 'S chuir iad Iain Eorn' a sios gun dail,
 'S e 'shnamh ann na' dhol eug.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

Leag iad e air ùrlar cruaidh,
 'S b' e sud an truaigh 'bu mho,
 'S luaisg iad e 'sios us' a suas,
 Oir b' fhuath beo e' bhi beo.

Le lasair loisgeach smior a chnàmh,
 Air uachdar àith gu'n d' loisg,
 'S bha' Muilleir an iochdmhor thar chach,
 Rinn e smàl deth le da chloich.

Fìor fhuil a chridhe ghabh na seoid,
 'Ga h-òl m'an cuairt 's man cuairt,
 Us mar bu mho a rinn iad ol,
 Chaidh cainnt am beòil 'an crua'dhs.

Iain Eorna tha na laoch ro dhàn,
 Neo sgathach làn de' dhuails,
 Ma dhfheuchas tu ach fhuil le d' bhlas.
 Cha' ghealtair thu 's an uair.

Bheir e air duine truagh gun sgoinn,
 A bhi gu h-aoibhneach gast,
 'S bheir e air bantrach a bhroin,
 A bhi 'seinn gu ceolar ait.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him further woe,
 And still as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a miller used him worst of all,
 For he crushed him between two stones.

And they hae taen his heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woes;
 'Twill heighten all his joy;
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Though the tear were in her eye.

Bithidh sliochd 'an Alba shean gu buan,
Aig Iain Eorna nan cruidh ghleachd,
Us' olaidh sinn m'an cuairt a shlaint,
Us' cuach 'an làmh gach neach.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity,
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A BRIEF SKETCH
PROVING THE
AUTHENTICITY
OF
THE POEMS OF OSSIAN,

By the Author of the preceding Poems,

Addressed to the Scottish Public.

MY COUNTRYMEN,

I hope you will not be disappointed if you will find, in the course of these pages, little of ceremony and false courtesy, as our subject requires for its motto—"no compromise," and therefore all flattery must be discarded, as the subject to be treated of is a national one, and that consequently the reader is respectfully requested to give a fair perusal to these sheets ere he will pass his verdict, admitting that the cruelty of men to their fellows chiefly consists of envy, oppression, and insolence, to which evils all others may be traced, and that as these are as universal as the human family, it is the less to be wondered at that animosity between nations must be equally general, considering that the usurping and ambitious are continually seeking to ruin

the object of their hatred, while the latter, if worthy of being called men, cannot but resist. Had it been our fate, as a nation, to have been conquered some ages past, there might be some excuse for our present apathy under the frequent buffetting we receive from our home neighbours. Had we been subdued at any past period, some palliation might be pleaded to quash the least murmur, however daring an insolent foe might inflict contempt, or whatever else might be the domineering propensities of supposed superiority. No doubt hard blows must be dealt before hardened thieves are made to restore what they would unjustly hold, and before a dormant people be brought to see the crime of casting away a primitive language, and the still extant monuments of its literature, for innovations despicable below description.

It were bad enough to have an endless warfare with the English, bad enough to combat our hereditary foes, without being under the necessity to fight their Eerish auxiliaries also. Hence there is little use in half measures, little use in stopping short of searching to the foundation of this subject, and as that can only be accomplished by the guidance of antiquity, the sooner we take that veteran for our leader the better.

It was once a maxim in Scottish law, that the character of witnesses was investigated before they would be admitted as such; and if found to be under bad fame or influences, by prejudice against the panel at the bar, justice demanded their immediate prohibition from bearing evidence, &c. We must take our stand upon this

fundamental principle, and very briefly announce to both Irish and English, that they have no right to be admitted as evidence in this case, inasmuch as that the former are cowardly renegades, who sold their right to heaven and earth upwards of seven centuries ago; and the latter despicable upstarts, unworthy of no more notice than to be marked out as a warning to mankind to beware of lies and false pretences.

That what is more immediately connected with our present undertaking, and what ought to be specially noticed, is, that the “Irish” and their English “*provos*” are too long in the company of each other to learn honour or honesty, too long in the way of evil to desire separation, or dissolve that league by which they think to be able, by perseverance in the art of lying, to become masters of what it is expected this Sketch will prove to be not theirs, but the undoubted right of the Scottish nation. That however criminal the poor upstart Normans are in their attempt to make themselves something at the expense of others—having nothing of their own—it cannot for a moment be admitted that there is any degree of comparison between them and the Irish; for who can allow that a youth, whatever his guilt may be, can be compared with the hoary-headed rascal by whom he is taught to steal and lie. That in like manner the English can be in a great measure exculpated, when we contrast them with their “*Irish*” allies. That the history of so conspicuous a character as Ossian, whose fame and poems survived the vicissitudes of time for nearly

sixteen centuries, should receive a lasting tribute of honour from the Scottish nation, whose ancestors he frequently led in battle, and whose feats he sung in those inimitable strains still in the hands of their descendants as he left them; and especially that these poems represent the manners, customs, refinement, and valour of our progenitors at the period of which they treat, and that therefore a subject of so much importance ought to be rescued from the aspersions of foreign impostors, who cannot read nor understand one word of the language of the Caledonian Minstrel.

That the English reader will be pleased to notice that the terms necessarily presented to him as we proceed are not so difficult to pronounce as may be supposed; that where the term *Fionn*, the name of the Fingalian leader, will occur, pronounce it *Fyunn*, and the same term in the genitive singular (*Fhinn*) can be pronounced like *een* in *green*, &c. That as the many localities about to be mentioned derive their appellatives from *Fionn* or *Fionnghael*, *Fiann*, *Fiannach*, and *Fianntan*, it will be observed that these terms simply signify that *Fionn* got his name from his *fair hair*; that he is frequently also called *Fionn-ghael*, i.e. *Fionn* of the Celts; that *Fiann* and *Fianntan* signify Fingalians; and *Fiannach*, a Fingalian soldier.

LOCAL EVIDENCE PROVING THE FINGALIANS TO BE
SCOTTISH, AND NOT IRISH.

1. There is, in the shire of Angus and parish of Oath-

law, an elevation of about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, called *Fionnbheinn*, or the mount of Fingal.

2. There is, in the county of Banff and parish of Rathven, a place called *Fianndachie*, i.e. the home of the Fingalians. It is now anglicised Findochie or Findochtie.

3. There is, in the shire of Kincardine, at the Girdleness promontory, the eastern termination of the Grampians, a beautiful elevation called *Fionn Dùn*, or the fort of Fingal.

4. There is, in the shire of Inverness, at the head of Loch-shiel, *Fiann Ain*, or the river of the Fingalians, running through *Gleann Fiannan*, or the valley of the Fingalians. Here the clans first unfurled the standard of Prince Charles Stuart (A.D. 1745).

5. There is, partly running through the counties of Inverness, Nairn, and Moray, the water of *Fionnroinn*, i.e. Fingal's division, the name of that wild impetuous stream dividing the hills of Stratherrick and Strathearn of M'Intosh. The village of Findhorn or Findhern, on the Moray Firth, is a barbarous imitation of the original, as above.

6. There is, in the county of Aberdeen, the parish of *Fionntrath*, or Fingal's luncheon, a very appropriate appellation, as few spots can present a finer variety of heights and levels, or more fertile for both game and crops. Especially on the banks of the Don the soil is excellent.

7. There is, in the shire of Angus, a rivulet called

Fiannuidhe, pronounced *Fiann-uie*, i.e. the Fingalians rest. It joins the Lunan somewhere near Kinell.

8. There is, in the shire of Lanark, the parish of *Biddein Fhiann*, pronounced *Bijen Iann*. It is now anglicised Pettinian, another example of how admirable we are progressing. The above appellation is derived from some *knowes* in the parish, and signifies the cones of the Fingalians.

9. There is, in the county of Aberdeen, the parish of *Rath Fhiann*, pronounced *Rá Iann*, or the cemetery of the Fingalians; and there are still several *Tumuli* and erect stones there. It is now anglicised Rayne, and sometimes Rain.

10. There is also, in the shire of Angus, and parish of Kirriemuir, a river originally called *Prois-Fhiann*, pronounced *Prósh-Iann*, i.e. the pride of the Fingalians. It is now anglicised Prosen, and sometimes Prossin.

11. There is, in the same place, a valley called *Prós Fhinn*, or Fingal's pride, near Kirriemuir.

12. There is, in the share of Roxburgh, a hill called *Dun Fhiann*, or the Fingalian's fort, 1031 feet above the level of the sea.

13. There is, at the north end of the Ochills, where they terminate in Strathearn, county of Perth, another *Dun Fhiann*, which gives name to that parish and village. It is now anglicised Dunning. The Gaelic population of western Strathearn and of Braed-Albin has still preserved the original appellation.

14. There is, in West Lothian, about 17 miles from

Edinburgh, *Tor-faich Fhinn*, now Torpichen or Torphichen. The elevation so called is about 1600 feet above the level of the sea. It gives name to the parish of Torphichen. It is sometimes designated Cairn Naple, but for what reason I do not know, nor is it worth while to enquire, as the last appellation has no connection with the original, and much less with our subject. It is enough to state that the name is derived from *Torr*, height or heap; and *Faiche*, field; and *Fionn*, Fingal. Few spots on the earth can boast of such military honours as Torphichen, as, not only being a review field of the Fingalians in the third century, but for being also the residence of the valiant Templars for a long period. Surely the brave successors had the best right to the honour and prowess of their predecessors.

15. In the shire of Aberdeen, and district of Buchan, there is *Stri-fhaich-Fhinn*, pronounced *Stree-aich-Een*, i.e. Fingal's field of strife; anglicised Strichen, now the name of a parish about fifteen miles from Peterhead.

16. There is, in the shire of Renfrew, the parish of *Innis Fhiannan*, situated on the banks of the White Cart and Gryfe. It is pronounced *Inish Ianan*, and signifies the sheiling of the Fingalians; it is now anglicised Inchinnan.

17. There is, at Loch Earn Side, parish of Comrie, and county of Perth, a farm called *Fionn Ghleann*, or the valley of Fingal

18. There is also, in the said parish, on the east side of Glenartney, another *Fionn Ghleann*, which extends nearly

five miles between Glenartney and the braes of Doune.

19. There is, in Dumbartonshire, at Loch Long-head, and parish of Arrochar, one of the most noted localities that we know of, illustrative of this subject. The tourist will observe that, on landing at Loch Long-head and going towards Loch Lomond, the highway runs through a valley or pass of about two miles in length, between Loch Lomond and Loch Long. That in ascending the brae immediately above the present inn of Arrochar, you will come to a steep narrow pass called *Bruach na Fair Fhiann*, i.e. the bank of the Fingalian sentinels. That a few yards to the back of this brow or bank, there is *Tigh Mhaca Dana*, i.e. the house of bold sons or swains. That about half-way between this hollow and Tarbet of Loch Lomond, there is *Baile Shean Fhinn*, pronounced *Bälē hen Een*, i.e. the town of old Fingal.

20. There is, in Glencoe, Argyleshire, Ossian's native place, the lofty peak called *Scur na' Fiann*, or the cone of the Fingalians; and, also, the mountain of Meallmor, so frequently mentioned in his poems.

21. There is, likewise *Fiann Ghleann*, or the valley of Fingal, in the same district.

22. There is, in the island of Jura, a place called *Aird Fhinn*, or the height of Fingal, where now stands the mansion of the proprietor.

23. There is, in the neighbouring island of Islay, at the south-east angle of the parish of Kildalton, a farm called *Creag Fhinn*, another rock for our hero.

24. There is, within a mile of the village of Port-Ellen, the farm *Fairich Fhinn*, i.e. Fingal beware.

25. And immediately adjacent, presiding over the pass of *Fairich Fhinn*, there is *Meall Fairich Fhinn*, or the height of Fingal's watching.

26. There is, in the same place, *Faodhail Fhinn*, pronounced *Faðail Een*, a very safe creek for landing.

27. There is, in the said parish, four miles north of this locality, a place called *Lagh-fhair-Fhinn*, pronounced vulgarly *Laoirinn*, i.e. Fingal's law of watching. Hence the fact, that there must have been a depot of sentinels at that place, as we find immediately adjacent, on the shore of Lagan Bay, a green eminence, still called *Cnocan Ghael*, or the knoll of the Celts, where the sentinels who guarded the adjacent coast, south of the central depot at *Laoirinn*, used to be reviewed, and each ordered to his post. And, accordingly, about a mile and a half south of *Laoirinn*, we find *Bailebheachdair*, pronounced *Balevaechkàir*, that is, the town of strict watching. This spot is situated at the bay Kilnachtan, and would command the isthmus between the former and the bay of Lagan. Within a quarter of a mile east of *Balevaechkàir*, we find a steep pass, commanding a view of the channel to the shore of Kintyre and of the adjacent harbour, within three-quarters of a mile of it, known now by the name of Port-Ellen, but formerly *Leodamas*, a term by no means easy defined. This pass of old was both steep and rugged, and, from the circumstances of which we are treating, was called *Bealach-nan-Sáth Uchd*, pro-

nounced *Byalach-nun-Sa Uchk*, compounded of *Bealach*, pass; and *Sáth*, to thrust; and *Uchd*, breast, i.e. to thrust into the breasts of hostile intruders who would attempt to force the ravine with impunity.

27. About three-quarters of a mile to the north-east of this pass we find *Tigh-córag-am-Fhinn*, pronounced *Tay-córag-am-Een*, i.e. the house of Fingal's strife, or the house of strife in the time of Fingal.

28. There is, in the parish of Kilchoman, and in the said island, a district of old called *Aird Fhinn*, but was in after ages, and is so now, known by the name of *Sean Aird Fhinn*, importing that it anciently, by way of eminence, was designated the high station of Fingal. It is now anglicised Sunderland.

29. There is also, in the said parish, another place called *Grull Fiann*—vulgarly, *Gruilein*—i.e. Fingal's circle, where the Fingalians used to be drilled in the circular phalanx, here expressed by one of the most primitive roots in the language,* although, in comparatively modern times, this hoary military phrase was changed into *Séol-tarriuing*, and latterly into the supposed braid Scottish word *Shiltron*, a term which we are sure our southern friends have long ago erased from the pages of their dictionaries of the “Heenglish Leanguage.” What do you think, brother Sawney? It was by the circular phalanx that the infantry trained by Sir William

* Mr Neill M'Alpine, a native of this island, and author of the Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary, defines Grull, with its compound termination, viz., Grullagan, by 1st, a constellation or circle; and 2nd., a ring of people.

Wallace so often defeated the English cavalry, as witness the battles of Biggar, Stirling, &c., &c.

30. There is, in the island of Arran, and parish of Kilmorie, a round small hill, called *Ar Fhiann*, or *Ar Fhinn*, from which that interesting island is named. The said knoll is situated in the midst of a plain field, called *Faiche na' Fiann*, or the field of the Fingalians ; and as the former of these appellations signifies slaughter by the Fingalians, or by Fingal, no doubt both got their name from the same event, as likewise the whole island. The reverend and learned John Lanne Buchanan, in his Defence, collected the following proofs to the same purpose. His able and now scarce work, was published A.D. 1799, and, perhaps, it will answer as well, to let them run in numerical order with the rest; wherefore, his first is the thirty-first in this catalogue.

31. "There is, at the head of Loch Tay, in a narrow valley, the castle of Finlarig, one of the Earl of *Bread Albin's* principal seats, well known to belong to the *Fiannaich* or Fingalians, and perhaps to Fingal himself.

32. "There is, in the same district, the village of Killin, which gives name to that parish, and where it is said Fingal is buried.

33. "In passing southward from *Strath-Fillan*, one passes into *Glenfalloch* or *Glen-Fian-Laoch*, in English, the valley of the alarming hero. Such a man is called *Famhair*, or strong man on guard. This *Fiann* defended the pass that leads towards Loch-Lomond, in the county of Lennox.

35. "In the parish of Callander, Perthshire, we meet with *Gleann Fiann Chlais*, a beautiful rich valley, inhabited by the marchers—who protected the counties of Monteith and Strath Lannie from depredators.

36. "In the adjoining, Strath Gartney, there is *Drip Fiann*, vulgarly called *Drepan*—active or stirring.

37. "Loch Finn, properly called Loch *Fiann*, received its name from the same source.

38. "And in Cowal, further south, towards the end of the *Garbhchriochan*, or rough marches, we find the castle of *Fiann Nab*. *Nabi* was, and is still, the term for a neighbour, through all the Hebrides: perhaps it is more probable that this gentleman had a few assistants, to whom this familiar term was applied in time of need.

39. "*Fiann Chruch*, in the vicinity of Glenurchy, Argyleshire, is well known; and we might follow the watchers in the same order much farther to the west, as we did in the east; and could easily mention several vestiges belonging to these chieftains, who were seated in their regular order to command the peace of the kingdom.

40. "On the north of Campsie hills, the country adjacent is called *Fian Tir*, now Fintry—and the very parish is so named.

41. "In Ayrshire, not far from Kilmarnock, another district is named *Fianeach* or Finnich.

42. "There is also, in Dumbartonshire, *Bo Fianan*—a place occupied by the guards.

43. "There is, in Bothwell parish, Lanarkshire, *Cathair Fiann*, corruptedly, Carfin.

44. "Hard by Muthill, Perthshire, is to be found *Fiann Tullich*.

45. "There is another *Fiantullich* in Glenlednog, Comrie parish.

46. "There is also *Fiann Glassie* in Fife.

47. "There is in Mid-Lothian, the parish of *Cor-Stor Fiann*—now *Corstorphine*. There is moreover, *Fian Gas-kin*: this last quality added to *Fiann* represents the human mind, with the idea of a brave hero.

48. "In Harris, Inverness-shire, there is *Fiannbha*.

49. "Between north and south Uist stands conspicuous *Creag nam Fiannachan*.

50. "There is *Loch nam Fiann*, near *Dun Gainich Benbecula*.

51. "And immediately adjacent there is *Coire nam Fiann*.

52. "There is on the south-west of Lannie Castle, *Drip Fiann*—as above, signifying activity or action.

53. "There is near Loch-Earn, *Cuil iar Fionn*, or the west corner of Fingal.

54. "There is, in Sutherlandshire, parish of Kildonan, a hill called *Cnoc Fionn*, or Fingal's hill.

55. "There is, in the island of Staffa, a spacious cave, called the cave of Fingal.

56. "In Loch Duich, Ross-shire, there is *Dun Fionn*, or the fort of Fingal.

57. "There is another of the same name in Strathearn, Perthshire.

58. "Near Lannie, Stirlingshire, there is *Airi Bo Fiann*.

59. "In the isle of Skye, there is *Baile nam Fiann*, i.e. the town of the Fingalians.

60. "While the surface of Lewis and Harris is covered with immense cairns of stones called *Bar Fiann*."

61. There is in Kintyre, at Saltpans, a place called *Machir Fhiannachan*, or the field of the Fingalians, where, a few years ago, human bones were dug up.

62. There is in the parish of Duill, and county of Perth, *Caisteal Fhinn*, or Fingal's fort, with other fifteen primitive edifices immediately adjacent.

63. There is also, on the hill of *Cnoc Fallairig*, parish of Fodderty, and county of Ross, a vitrified fort called *Dun Fhinn*.

64. There is, in the parish of Morven, Argyleshire, the far famed *Fionn Airidh*—"Eirich agus Tiugaino."

Thus we find abundance of proofs that *Fionn* and the *Fianntan* were native Caledonians; and that their memory is riveted in the above districts with immortal tenacity for near sixteen centuries, nor is it to be supposed that the foregoing are all the places named after them : far from it. There is scarcely a parish in the counties of Argyle, Perth, Inverness, Sutherland, Ross, Caithness, Cromarty, Dumbarton, Bute, Aberdeen and Moray, without some river, glen, rock, mountain, or field, bearing the name of Fingal and the Fianntan. That with regard to the memorials of Fingal in the Pictish territories, and mentioned above, there are but two ways of accounting for them:—that either Fingal was so much revered by the southern Caledonians or Picts, that so many places within their

dominions were named after him ; which indubitably proves that the inhabitants of those parts had the same language, the same military ardour, and the same respect for Fingal and the Fianntan that his own countrymen of the north had. Or if it be alleged that the said rivers, mountains, rocks, and fields, in the southern counties, were so named after the subversion of the Pictish kingdom, early in the ninth century, it proves that Fingal's history was so indelibly stamped on the memory of the Scots, from age to age, that they could not forsake the practice of naming those places in their newly acquired territories to preserve his memory, and those of the brave men of whom he was the leader; and that the inhabitants of every district vied with each other to hand down his name to future ages.

Having thus proved that Fingal and the Fingalians were Caledonians, or original Scots, we must in the next place reckon with Irish adventurers. It is undeniable that criminal forbearance on our part have already and do now render the said Eerishry more insolent and more daring in their piracy.

If Fingal, Ossian, and the Fianntan, were Irishmen, where are we to look for such memorials of them in that country as we have given in the preceding list ? It will avail nothing to report of us, as the "Irish" are in the habit of doing of their English friends, that ignorance of their language is the cause of their being always misrepresented, because the latter cannot have thorough "knowledge of their laws, and of their political economy

before the conquest, but through the medium of the language in which those laws were written.” That this is partly true, we know. But it is also true, that the less the Norman invaders would know of the laws and literature of Erin the better ; for, had they never discovered that those laws were good, they would not be so keen to destroy the records which contained them, and through streams of blood to establish their own on the ruins of an independent and learned nation, as the Milesians undoubtedly were before they fell under their yoke.

That while we are well aware that the Normans are guilty in all these respects, and that every true Scotsman ought and do detest them for it—because all such are never behind to drag them to the bar of the world, for destroying the literature of every people where they may have power, and especially that of Ireland—yet it is true, that with all the virulence that the Normans practised in the green isle, there never were of them more venomous defamers than O’Halloran, O’Kelly, and many more, who, with that eagerness peculiar to lying cowards, attacked Scotland and her people ; and that their present followers in that country are just as willing to repeat it as they may have opportunity. Hence, in reality we have a more serious charge against the “Irish” than even the English themselves. Yes, we know the devils well enough ; and that there is much more aggravation in their indictment than the English could, or can commit, with all their evil intention. For however base the

latter are, the world knows that they cannot help it—being providentially doomed to wallow in their own pitiful mire of ignorance, and hostile to all the world; so that they are shut up under the immovable bars of a barbarous and self-invented jargon, by which they are isolated from the rest of mankind, and disqualified to learn or to improve. That under these circumstances, there ought to be a clear and distinct difference made between them and the *Eireanachs*, in whose behalf no such apologies can be offered. That whereas both are leagued for many years back to do us all the injury they can, they have no just cause of complaint though we, in our turn, treat them with their own. There is no Englishman in his native state, that can be sensible that he is in the wrong, whatever he may propagate against this country or any other, for he cannot rise above the cravings of his stomach ; and his hostility to mankind (put him where you will) if he once comes to the years of maturity in the land of his birth ; after that he may tread till he is worn out on the memorials of even the Fingalians, without as much knowledge or generosity as to know or enquire “what is that ?”

It is not so with you, Irishmen :—you know our language, and all connected with this subject, and our undoubted right to the Caledonian Bard. You know the shires, parishes and districts, where these mountains, rivers, valleys, rocks, and fields, named after Fingal and the Fianntan, are ; and yet, in place of acknowledging your fault, you are excited the more to lie and to

steal—and that certainly not with the comparative innocence of your Norman coadjutors—we suppose that you might be content with your own "*Brian bo ru*," and others such like, without coming here to seek what is not yours ; withal, bearing in mind that your claim of right to Fingal and Ossian, ought to be something similar to the above list, before you can obtain a hearing from the world.—Try how many districts, rivers, or mountains, you can find in "*Ireland*," bearing the names of these interesting men, with whom you would claim connection. But if the answer is left to you, the decision will soon be that there are many such ; and because that there are hardly any, you will make them as you need them, and then, as usual, you will face about and tell us, that total ignorance of the "*Irish*" is the cause of our not finding them there. No, that is not the cause, for we know "*Ireland*" in its most accurate extent—with its mountains, rivers, divisions, clans, territories, districts, and localities, before and after the Danish invasions—before and after the Norman conquest of your country—before and after you sold yourselves to be extirpated by Elizabeth—before and after your once pure and primitive language became so corrupted that it is not worth the studying—yes, and long before you became the would-be impostors you now are.

It is therefore utter vanity for the most anxious antiquary, historian, poet, or tourist, to look for such proofs in "*Ireland*," as we have given above, of the Fin-galians to have been Caledonians, and having not the

least connection with the *Mo Chrees* in any way or other, except a race kindred always acknowledged by our national historians.

INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN PROVING
THEM TO BE SCOTTISH, AND NOT IRISH.

That there are abundance of internal evidence in these poems proving them to be Scottish, can be easily discovered if due attention is paid to the fact, that the "Irish" O is not prefixed to the names of the many individuals mentioned in the extensive and varied pieces of these venerable productions of the muse of Ossian.

1. There are in "*Cath Loda*" 680 lines, with many conspicuous characters mentioned, but all of them without the "Irish" O.
2. There are in "*Fingal*" 3185 lines, but the "Irish" O is not once seen.
3. There are in "*Temora*" 4080 lines, and all without the "Irish" O.
4. There are in the Duan of "*Dargo*" 530 lines, but the O is absent in them all.
5. There are in "*Conlaoch*" 180 lines, without one name therein graced with the O.
6. There are in "*Carric-Thurra*" 590 lines, but not one green islander known by their circular badge.
7. There are in "*Carthon*" 340 lines, but no "Irish" Os.
8. There are in "*Oigh nam Mor Shùl*" 170 lines, with many names, but no "Eerish" grandsons among them all.

9. There are in “*Caomh Mhala*” 235 lines, but they all disown the “Irish” O.
10. “*Tiomna-Ghuill*” consists of 400 lines, with the misfortune of being an obstinate Caledonian, without the least connection with the Os.
11. There are in “*Dàn an Du Thuinn*” 375 lines, without any Os.
12. There are in “*Cromghleann*” 80 lines, but equally unfavourable to the Os.
13. There are in “*Evir-Aluin*” 112 lines, without one of the green prefixes in its ranks.
14. The “*Fingalian’s Great Distress*” consists of 126 lines, and is of the same unpropitious character with the preceding.
15. The “*Banners of the Fingalians*” consists of 87 lines, where the *Fianntan* are marshalled in seven divisions, each under its own standard, and yet there is not among them all one chief or soldier with the unenviable *nothing* attached to his name.
16. “*Cuchullin*” in his chariot consists of 56 lines, without any of the Os.
17. The Duan of the “*Heads*” consists of 51 lines, and of the same order.
18. The “*Black Dog*” consists of 66 lines, but not an “Irish” O in its contents.
19. There are in the poem of the “*Wandering Maiden*” 108 lines, and equally unfavourable to the distinguished patronimic of the “Irish”
20. There are in the “*Death of Oscar*” 190 lines, and

although the destructive battle, in which he fought and fell, is celebrated by his father, Ossian, and his fellow-minstrel Fergus the Bard, and we being, moreover, assured that 30,000 of both Scot and “Irish” perished on the field, our good friends on the other side of the channel may recount their share just as they think proper, and by what names they please, always recollecting that the Caledonian bards do not for once mention among their countrymen any of the O’Brackens, O’Brannagans, O’Brennans, O’Breslans, O’Brics, O’Bergins, O’Brodees, O’Brogans, O’Connaghtans, O’Coltarans, O’Coigleys, O’Cosgrys, O’Criochans, O’Crowleys, O’Cuires and O’Connels, with hundreds more to be seen in the Annals of Donegal, O’Kelly’s essay, MacGeoghagan’s history, and every other Irish production of that kind. In short, there is not in the contents of the three current volumes of these poems, all preserved in this country since the third century, any names like the above, nor, in fact, any other internal evidence nor comparison with “Irish” names; and it ought to be specially marked, that the purity of the style of these poems put it beyond doubt that they have no connection whatever with the corrupted jargon called “Irish,” and that it is vain for the “Irish” to attempt to deceive, so long as men on this side the water are both able and willing to confront them, when and where they like, to prove that the best specimens of the “Irish” are not of the genuine Celtic language, as it is here spoken and written, few and extirpated as we are.

That to doubt of the Milesians to have had written laws

and literature of their own from remote antiquity, and far back in the pagan times, is downright madness; but that they can produce any specimens of the primitive language in which those records were first written, is a weak and pitiful imposition, nor are the reasons unknown. On their own admission, those ancient records met their fate as follows. There is an entry in the Annals of Donegal, under A.D. 438, worthy of notice “A.D. 438.—The tenth year of Laoghaire, the Seanachies and Feineachan of Eirin, *i.e.* the bards and historians of ‘Ireland’ were purified, the old books having been collected and brought to a place at the request of St. Patrick. These were the nine supporting props by whom this was done: Laoghaire, Corc, and Daire, the three kings; Patrick, Benen, and Cairneach, the three saints; Ross, Dubhthach, and Fergus, the three antiquaries.” That in this entry he is called Patrick of Good Latin, showing that the man here mentioned was not the real Patrick from the Clyde side, but some other of the three spurious gentlemen so-called, and all the fruits of “Irish” lies and imposition, so far as the green islanders’ attempt to make one Patrick three when it suits their purposes; but letting that pass for the present, there is enough extant in the “Irish” records to convince honesty that, when good or bad Latin prevailed over the ruins of the Celtic, then “Ireland” appeared and Eirin disappeared, the reader observing at the same time that between the landing of the Normans in that wretched island (A.D. 1171) and to this day, no shift was left untried by the bloody foes

of the Milesians to destroy every vestige of the nationality of that people, and especially their language and literature; that the consequence of that crusade was, that the original written elements of the Celtic language in "Ireland" were lost, totally lost. That amidst this ruin, four Milesian antiquaries, viz., Bernard, O'Clery, Peregrine, O'Clery, and other two gentlemen of the name of Maol-conery (A.D. 1632) commenced to compile the Annals of Donegal from the wrecks of the national language, and they undoubtedly succeeded in rescuing a great deal of the history of Eirin from the impending destruction; but withal admitted into the contents of that work many fables, by which the rest is tarnished and rendered despicable. No man with a spark of sense can peruse this extensive work, without regret that those men did not apply to Scotland for some competent person or persons, to guide them in the orthography of the language, before they committed themselves and their countrymen to lasting scorn, although modern impostors—*alias* the "Irish"—in our day are incapable of giving so little justice to Scotsmen, who are of all mankind the most anxious to reclaim them. Neither is it difficult to present to the reader a clear and simple contrast of the "Irish," as it was written by the Four Masters, so called from the circumstance above mentioned, and the genuine orthography of the language as it was written in this kingdom from time immemorial. Wherefore the following specimen from the literature of the land of glory, as given in a tract by Peter Burne, and published by Arthur,

Hall, & Co., Paternoster Row, London, 1848, wherein the writer is showing the “advanced state” of the Normans ten years ago, will, I think, help the English reader to see the difference between “Irish” imposition and Scottish reality, in what is called the Ossianic controversy.

AN ENGLISH EPISTLE.

MY DEER KUSSIN,

i rite to eecnform u that aull of hour famley is verry Disyrus as u shud bee att heer on the 22 day of nekst Munth we ar aull verry Wel and ope ure Famley ar in gud elth. Allso mi bigg wensh Is gooин to mary Soft Yed that day i thinck u nown him hees A gud lukin ladd hee fout wi oud Limpers oudest sun last krismas day and likt him. We shal hav plente of drinck i shal stand the wensh afe a baril of yale and Soft Yed as oddered afe a baril of Potar an sum likkurr i konna sa heny mure at pressant as i had to rite to a lot uther frends an akwaintansis u nown to mutch studdy is hinguryus onely gust tel the nuspapper man to incurt a line for that da in the wedins about hour Kits marige.

i remain ures rispeckfuly &c.*

The English reader will admit that there is some difference between the above specimen of English civilisation and the style and orthography of Hervey and Walker, but that there is just as much between the style and orthography of the Scottish original of the poems of Ossian, compared with the “Irish,” is equally certain, whether we take the pretended fragments of the effusions

* Burne's Age that's coming, p. 18.

of the Caledonian Bard, said by the Hibernians to be in their possession for a long period back, or any other specimen really “Irish,” that they had or may have of any book, old or new—they are all base and barbarous compared with the genuine standard of the Gaelic language, spoken and written here. Nor is it to be supposed that Dublin scribes are capable of mending their ways, considering the buffetings they had to endure from Scotsmen since they and their Norman allies managed to give the subject under review the name of “controversy.” One would suppose that after being handled by Dr. M’Pherson, of *Sleat*, in the manner they were, that it might cure them of their lies and fraud for a generation or two.* But no; their “*swaet*” revenge must be gratified, and not certainly at the expense of the honour and good name of the “Irish,” for that would be more strange than any human event since Adam opened his eyes.

It will be asked, why are the Fingalians so frequently mentioned as being in Ireland, if they had no connection with that country? The answer is, that there is no intelligent Scot but can answer that question, (*First,*) simply by asking another, viz.:—Why is it always stated in the Ossianic Poems that the Fingalians went from Scotland to Ireland on those expeditions? Or why is it that Ossian continually speaks of Scotland as his and the Fingalians’ native country, but never of Ireland as such? Or why is it that there are none of those expeditions recorded by Ossian, without giving the causes,

* See M’Pherson’s Crit. Dissert., Scots and Piets, p. 69, &c.

their successes, or their reverses, and always their return to Morven as their peculiar place of abode? *Second,* Overlooking the fact that these Poems are historical, there are abundance of evidence furnished by the "Irish" themselves, that the Scots had extensive territories in the north of Erin before the Christian era. Nor are we left to conjecture who they were, or from what parts of Caledonia those early settlers removed from this to the sister island. There is nothing more conspicuous in the annals of Erin, than the frequent statements relative to those early settlers from Scotland to that country. Any one who may be at the trouble of perusing the part of the Annals of Donegal, published at Dublin by Brian Geraghty, A.D. 1846, with copious annotations by Owen Connellan, Esq., and Philip M'Dermott, M.D., can find as much as any reasonable man can wish, illustrative of the fact that those remote colonists from Scotland were both numerous and politically potent in the north of Erin, and sometimes dethroned and slew the Milesian monarchs, and set up their own colonial princes as kings of the whole country. That, till of late years, the historians of Erin called them *Athaich-Tuathach*, or northern giants; Latinized, *Attacottii*. This is the name always given them by the men of Erin, till the Dublin scribes contracted their infamous partnership with their Norman masters, to sell their own honour for the unnatural gratification of having it in their power to create lies, world without end, against Scotland and Scotsmen. That for the last century, and especially since the "Irish" rebellion,

during which two raw militia regiments of Highlanders defeated thousands of cropies in all parts of Ireland, the “*Mo Chrees*” of Dublin can set no limits to their spleen against this country. But, not to digress, the point in question is, how do they attempt to obscure the notorious fact that the valiant progenitors of those very Highlanders were their hardest scourge from the remotest times ? That, in order to give “ Irishmen ” the full benefit of their own, we shall here submit to the reader a passage or two proving that, on the admission of the “ Irish ” themselves, those early colonists from Albin were too conspicuous—too powerful to be forgotten at any period by the historians of that country. And here we again refer, not only to the annotators already mentioned, but also to Dr. O’Donovan’s late edition of the said Annals of Donegal, or the Four Masters, also published in Dublin, where various entries in that extensive work proves that those early settlers from Scotland, consistent with their native energy in all ages, made the green isle again and again shake from shore to shore, from the first till the middle of the third century, when Fingal was the viceroy of the principality.

IRISH PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF THAT SCOTTISH COLONY ARE ABUNDANT, BUT THE FOLLOWING MAY SUFFICE FOR THE PRESENT:—

Connellan and M’Dermott say, “ That a colony of the Cruthnians or Picts, from north Britain, settled in Ulster in early times, and are often mentioned from the

first till the ninth century. They resided chiefly in Dalradia and Tyrone, or parts of Down, Antrim, and Derry. The Caledonians, or first inhabitants of Scotland, are considered to have been the same as the Picts. The country was called by the Irish Alb' or Albin, and they became mixed by intermarriages with the old Irish of the Irian race, and were ruled by their own princes and chiefs. And some of those Picts also settled in Connaught, in the county of Roscommon. The Cruthnians or Picts, called by the Irish *Cruithnidh*, and Latinized *Crutheni*, sent colonies from Scotland to Ireland about a century before the Christian era; and these *Cruthenians* were located chiefly in Dalradia, and several kings and chiefs of these Irish Picts are mentioned by the old annalists."*

According to the above quotations—and there are also many more of these notices throughout that volume, as likewise in the text and annotations of O'Donovan's edition of the Annals of Donegal, lately published at Dublin—there were plenty of Scotchmen in Erin, and held territorial possessions in it, from a century before the Christian era till the ninth age of that epoch.

At first sight one would think that there could be no fraud, no design of direct imposition in this, though it is really true that there is much of "Irish" knavery hid in the folds of these passages.

It is much to be regretted that men of sense and

* Annot *ut Supra*, p.p. 367, 416, &c.

learning here would remain passive at hearing their ancestors vilified by “Irish” slaves. And that it is unaccountable that, after centuries of mutual hatred, bloodshed, and treachery, almost unparalleled in the history of man, these *Eireanaich* are so void of shame as not to walk consistent with their everlasting complaints of their Norman scourge, and that they would be the last on earth to join the southrons in their piracies of the antiquity and literature of the Scottish nation ; and that they not only embraced all the fallacies invented by their English partners, since these Poems were brought before the public at large, but that the “Irish” are fully as eager to propagate their lies as the latter. To prove this, let the reader cast his eye again on the foregoing passages, where he will see a very fair representation of “Irish” trickery, and the way and manner that Dublinian scriveners took, to reserve for themselves, material to back the lies of Lhudd, who first propagated, in A.D. 1572, that the kingdom of the Scots in Albin was commenced by an “Irish” colony, A.D. 503; but it is to be specially remarked in this case, as well as in the contents of the genuine Poems of Ossian, composed two centuries before the arrival of the fictitious colony, that there were not, since that date, any family, or clan, or chief, in all Scotland that had or have the big “Irish” O prefixed to their names, which could not possibly be had they arrived here as late as the year 503 ; so that it is of no use for the *Mo Chrees* of Dublin to call those early colonists from Scotland Picts, and not their true

name, Albannaich, to make room for the Dalriads, that being the design of forging Picts when there were no men underneath the clouds bearing that designation. But we must come closer on the inventors, to teach them better manners in times to come. Even if it could be proved that Cæsar was really the author of those notices in his work, where he speaks of the Britons to have been painted with the juice of the plant called *woad*, the next question is, what connection had the *woad smuired* Britons with the inhabitants of this country at any time? Again it is alleged, that Cæsar makes mention of the ancient Britons as being painted and tattooed—hence, it is concluded, that they were Picts. This gratuitous falsehood must return the way it came, when it is considered that Caesar, who flourished the most part of a century before the Christian era, could not have any knowledge of the title Picts, four hundred years before it was heard of in the world—seeing that Ammianus Marcellinus, who flourished A.D. 380, and Claudian A.D. 399, are the first writers who applied that designation to the southern Caledonians.

We therefore hereby offer a challenge to the Dublin Picts *cadgers*, to prove that Cæsar wrote these notices of tattooing and painting at all, and that they are not bare-faced lies foisted into his work, to serve a purpose to which “Oyrland” cannot apply them, viz., that Picts and painted Britons signify the same. Or let them show, if they can, that as soon as Cæsar saw the painted and tattooed Britons, he at once on the wings of the

south wind scented the Scottish colonists in the counties of Down and Antrim, to be the *kith* and *kin* of the tattooed and painted Britons, and so made them Picts four hundred years before the designation Picts was heard of. But no matter, Dublin scribes will compel the Scottish colonists in Ireland, and that in the first century to be Picts, right or wrong, in order to convince the *Scutch* that they hate them with a *swaet* revenge. We conceive that they should have their request long before now; and that what makes this Pictish mania still more ridiculous, that there is not on the face of the earth any lexicographer or critic, that can define that mystical term, and that whereas it does not appear in history till the fourth age, it had no analogy till that period—that is one hundred and nineteen years after the celebrated Fingal himself was numbered with the dead ; for, on the admission of the Milesian annalists themselves, he was killed A.D. 283.*

It is therefore plain to the meanest capacity, that all this ado about Picts is nothing else than an ill-contrived plot to get rid of the Albannaich, to make room for the lies of Lhudd, and that of the “ Irish” rascals *Stainhurst* and his nephew *Usher*—who first introduced into Ireland the English fable, that the Scottish kingdom began by an

* Here is the passage in the original of the Four Maters :—

“ Ro bi Fin ba ghabh ’gundiach guin do all aicheleach mac Duibhdrend a cheann do mhac Mochtamuin.”

In English thus :—Finn was killed with darts—lamentable wounds. Aicheleach, son of Duibh-dreann, cut off the head of Mochtamuin.

Irish colony A.D. 503, to put Scotsmen on a level with the Anglo-Saxons, who entered south Britain A.D. 449. We have partly seen already, that sheer spite at Scottish realities is the sole foundation of all that we have stated; but there is another side on this subject that must not be neglected. It is well known that Scotsmen, in all ages, proved a lasting scourge to such as attempted to do them injury, and that the British Scots were as much the terror of their enemies here, as the colonial branch of them in Ireland frequently proved almost the ruin of their adversaries there. What says the standard chronicles of that country?—it is the fact, that between A.D. 76 and A.D. 106—that is, in the course of the thirty years of the reign of Tuathal Teachtmhor, the *Athaich Tuathach*, i.e. the northern giants, or the Attacottii, or those colonists from Scotland, fought 133 battles with the Milesian natives.

That any one at all acquainted with the history of Erin, cannot but see that the said Scottish colonists lived independent in that country for nearly a thousand years; nor is it less conspicuous the groans of the contemporary historians, relating the severe chastisements which the natives received from them. If the reader will examine the map of Ptolemy, he will find that the Attacoltii inhabited from Ardlamont, in Cowal, to Dunbretton, and were called by the old historians of Erin Firbolg or Archers, owing to their proficiency in the use of the bow. Every intelligent Scot is aware that the colony in the north of Erin were chiefly of this tribe. What says

the spirited and learned Irvine?—"The *MacSuains* inhabited Knapdale, a country in Argyle; and that a colony of theirs, which keep their ancient name, *MacSuaine*, commonly *McSwyne*, with their bow and sword possessed themselves of the Boylach and Bannach, in Tyre-Connell, in Ulster, where yet their posterity remain!"*

That the Milesian monarchs always considered them as intruders, and consequently left no shift untried to exile them, or bring them under subjection, which occasioned the frequent contentions recorded to have taken place on that account. The first attempt on the part of the *Eireanaich* to bring them under tribute, was according to the above annotators, and they quote *Giolla MacLiag*, secretary and historian to *Brian bo ru* as their authority†—that A.D. 10, the Firbolgs invited many of the Milesian chiefs to a banquet, and massacred them at a place called *Magh Cru*, near Loch Con, in Mayo; and placed one *Cairbre Ceann Cait* on the throne of Erin, and that he reigned five years. That, in about thirty years thereafter, the Firbolgs again attacked the Milesians at a place called *Magh Bolg*, or the field of Archers, where Fiacha-Fionoladh, the monarch, and a great number of his troops, were slain. The Annals of Donegal give this event under A.D. 56. I hope that the reader will

* Irvine's *Historial Scoticæ Nomenclatura*, p. 129. Glasgow Ed. 1819.

† There is a specimen of this Seanachie's hand writing given in Betham's *researches of the Ant. of Ireland*.

excuse me for this apparent digression, because there is no intention of that kind in it ; and that what is chiefly designed by this sketch, is to show the designing and low fraud of the *Eireanaich* in their attempts to deceive, in making Picts of our countrymen several centuries before that appellation was heard of ; and all for fear of giving them their true name, Albannaich : for had they done so, the Dalriadan fabric would fall about their ears—and so farewell the lies of Lhudd, &c.

That secondly, it is presumed that from a careful perusal of these facts, it will fully appear that the painted Picts of the fourth century had no connection whatever with those early colonists in Ireland, nor, in fact, with anything else known of their history.

That lastly, it is certain that were we deprived of every resource on earth but the Ossianic poems, we could prove from their contents, that the Fingalians were Scotsmen, frequently employed in defending the principality in the north of Erin from the encroachments of the Lagenians, in “ Irish” Leighlin, that is Leinster—men foolishly in modern times transformed it into *Lochlanach*, i.e. Danes, or Scandinavians ; hence the vulgar notion that the Fingalians contended with the North-men ; whereas, in truth, the above Eireanaich were their fierce and restless rivals during the whole period of contention historically treated of in the poems of Ossian. That, on the whole, it is expected that these few brief remarks, with what is formerly submitted to the reader in the local evidences of the Fingalians being Scotsmen, will prove sufficient for

that purpose. And we may remark further, on the internal evidence of these poems, that there is no scenery in Ireland to compare with that exhibited in the poems of Ossian ; neither is there any part or portion of the “ Irish” extant that could give expression to his sentiments—even allowing that there were “ Irishmen” created in any age or period that had the energy of the Caledonian Bard : no, there is nothing in that barbarous and corrupted jargon called “ Irish,” full of half-Romanised Scandinavian and Norman phrases, that could give utterance to the sentiments of Ossian, no more than the lowest cant among London thieves could express the eloquence of Chalmers. Our good friends on the other side of the water will no doubt fume at this, but they may rest assured that every Scotsman of ordinary intelligence knows the difference just as well as they do themselves, and that none here can be gulled by their extolling of the “ Irish,” unless that the Dublin scribes will rescue their cause from contempt, by immediately availing themselves of the genuine Celtic, as it is yet to be found among the few remains of Scottish descent in Ulster, and in the island of Rachlin, near their coast. It is therefore certain, that no man could give utterance to the sentiments of Ossian, in any other language but that pure, natural, and energetic Celtic of the Scottish Gaeil, much less can any “ Irishman” imitate them, although many attempts were tried by the *Uilein** makers

* *Uilein*—the vulgar fragments of the poems of Ossian floating among the inhabitants of Ulster, all of Scottish descent, on which

of Dublin to do so, since the poems of Ossian, here preserved uncontaminated, became of European notoriety. Equally defective will be found the comparison of "Irish" orthography, already exposed and left at the doors of the pretenders of "Celtic Literature," and of Picts manufacturers, viz., the Joint Stock Company in Dublin, who have more need of strait jackets than of Scottish rebukes.

From what has been said in the foregoing remarks, it is obvious that no sophistry can rescue the "Irish" from their own snares. No shifts can shelter them from mundane contempt for their Picts making, while they are to be judged, not by themselves, but by an impartial public, although no doubt they would like very well, not only to escape due punishment, while they exhibit the "Irish" as the model of perfection, and themselves as mirrors of "Irish" lore, of which we have volumes upon volumes, noted and loaded with Norman malice and "Irish" cowardice; smuired Picts "intermarrying with the Irian kings of Ireland," with as little care of being branded with infamy as the "Irish" always are. Seeing that Scotsmen must be at the trouble of sending the "Irian kings of Ireland," and their tattooed connexions, to London a second time, to be auctioned at the *Cambrensis Mart*, where "swate ould Ireland" will flourish once more as the land of cannibals, before "the faithful" Normans were sent to civilise them.

James Macpherson made some remarks in his notes to his translation of the said poems. That from that simple circumstance, he is ever since the mark of Irish spleen.

Kind reader, will this suffice to show that there were Scotsmen in Ireland from a century before the christian era, and that it is but a pitiful fable to attempt to make Picts of them ? and that for no other reason but to prop the lies of Humphry Lhudd, who in 1572, for the first time, published that the Scottish monarchy was founded by an Irish colony, A.D. 503. Will it not prove that those colonists—on the admission of the Irish themselves —lived independent in that country from the first till the ninth century, and that they contended for that length of time with the monarchs of Ireland ? Is it not proved to a certainty in the above remarks, that none of the Scottish clans nor chiefs could be the descendants of an Irish colony in the sixth century ? because there is no similarity between the names of these clans and chiefs with anything of the kind in Ireland since that period, and consequently that our histories are true, which maintain an uninterrupted succession of monarchs from two or three centuries before the christian era, &c.; and that there is nothing more essential to prove all this than the Ossianic poems, so far as they go in casting light on the period of which they treat. That the poems of Ossian are historical, needs no comment ; and that Fingal, Ossian, and the Fingalians, lived in the third century, admits of no doubt, if contemporary evidences are of any avail to prove it. In the passage already given from the Annals of Donegal, under A.D. 283, Fingal perished that year. Again, in the said chronicle, the battle of Gaura is given A.D. 284, and on the admission of the

Irish themselves, “the Fenians of Albin” fought there, and other Britons also ; that according to Connellan and MacDermott, already referred to, thirty thousand men were slain, and with the rest Oscar, the warlike son of Ossian, whose fall, and the circumstances attending it, are pathetically described by his father in his poem, entitled the Death of Oscar, and likewise by Fergus the Bard, his contemporary. Ossian does not relate the number slain in the whole battle, but he gives us better. That the Fingalians went from Albin and landed in the north of Eirin, to give battle to the monarch Cairbre, for encroaching on their territories, viz., the principality, which cost so dear to the Milesians long before that sanguinary action, which was but one of the series. Adding to this the fact that there is abundance of evidence in these poems that Fингal fought the Romans on the banks of the Carron,* which must have happened after the invasion of Severus, because we are assured that the Caledonians were formidable enough towards the middle of the third century.* Even English Gibbon was compelled, by the force of these facts, to confess that, “according to every hypothesis, the poems of Ossian were composed by a Caledonian, and the era of that Caledonian was the third century.” Mr Gibbon, with your leave, it is no hypothesis that the poems of Ossian were composed by a Caledonian, but a truth that no one can deny, but on a

* See this emphatically described in the poem of *Caomh Mhala*, Edinburgh Edition, 1818. Vida Dion Lib. IV., 564.

principle, or rather no principle, which can deny anything; nor are we in need to go far to seek many illustrations. *Baile-Chluaidh*, anglicised Balclutha, and sometimes Ail-cluith, is not only by Highlanders, but by everybody else who saw it in print, understood to mean *Dumbarton*; but when any one points it out as such in the poems of Ossian, it is at once marked down by the Irish and their Norman chums as obscure and uncertain; because, that it is one of the pillars of the internal evidence of the poems of Ossian, that their author was a Caledonian, and that every writer of antiquity, Bede not excepted, calls that ancient place by the Ossianic name. *Car-Oin*, or the winding river, a water in Stirlingshire, is well known to all; but, when Ossian speaks of it by that name, it is at once obscure and uncertain whether he means the the Stirlingshire Carron or not; and all this because the poem, already referred to, describes the expedition of Fingal to the river, where he fought the "hosts of the king of the world," viz., the Roman army, and returned triumphant: this is the secret of denying the connection of the winding Carron with the muse of the Caledonian Bard. Ardtornish, parish of Morven, and county of Argyle, is a place of great antiquity, as its ruinous castle shows: it is known to the world by the above name, till it is heard of in the mouth of Ossian, where it is at once turned into a myth, for fear of acknowledging the son of Fingal as a Caledonian. The water of Balvag, in Perthshire, parish of Balquhidder, which connects the three lakes, Lochdonie, Lochrail, and Lochlubnaig, is well

known to geographers ; but, the moment that Ossian speaks of it, it is at once put in the catalogue of "Irish" and Norman mysteries, for fear it may lead to the conviction that Ossian, the son of Fingal, was a Scottish Highlander, and the author of the dreaded poems under review. These are some of the despicable shifts taken to deny that Ossian was a Caledonian, and whereby the world can judge of the credit due to the " Irish," when they advert to such grovelling means to tarnish the honour of a people so far their superiors—so transcendently brave, that a mere handful of them taken off their heather, chased thousands of " Irish" *cropies* from vinegar hills, and lastly out of the " great bog of Ireland" itself—where *Pat* (as usual) took to his *haels*, and can only since breath his rage through his " own *Gradh mo Chrees*" of Dublin. Comparatively speaking, there is hardly a district in Scotland without memorials of the Fingilians. There is in Glencoe the stream of *Cothan*, anglicised Cona, so often mentioned by Ossian, and the mountains of *Meallmor*, and *Con Fionn*—the one on north, and the other on the south side of that celebrated valley, and Sgúrnam Fiann; and also Grianan Dearduil, literally the sunny lawn of Darthula—the plaintive " Helen" of Nathos.

LITERARY PROOFS OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN BEING ABSOLUTELY SCOTTISH, AND OF THEIR BEING BOTH WRITTEN AND RECITED IN THIS KINGDOM MANY AGES BACK.

It will be recollectcd, that since Samuel Johnson was

sent on his infamous tour through the Highlands, A.D. 1773—that, on his return to England, he, according to his instructions, published his libel, entitled “Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides,” wherein he again and again maintains, in the most positive language, that there were not any Gaelic MSS. then in existence above two centuries old, &c. That that was responded to by his countrymen, who paid him well for his falsehoods, need not be repeated here, as all are aware of it. That Johnson’s evil report was proved the height of untruth at the time is equally well known, in the many able confutations which he had the chagrin of seeing before he departed, loaded with that infamy which he so well merited.* That Scotsmen should never forget that the concocting, the sending, and the paying of that base man was just what might be expected from the nation of liars called “English,” the people who had and have the audacity to claim for a fictitious character, named by them Shakespeare, and that never had a being, the work of Archibald Armstrong, who accompanied James the Sixth to London, and who, by his wit, tormented Bishop Laud and the rest of that set at court so much, that he was obliged to leave his royal master, and hide himself in a garret in the metropolis of England, where he composed a great deal of what English impostors are now claiming for a man who never lived. That, while in that solitary abode, Armstrong employed an English mountebank, whose

* M’Nichol’s Remarks on Johnson’s Tour.

name perished with himself, to recite through the streets of London, and wherever else he could find an audience, those pieces then composed, caricaturing the knaves by whose influence he was expelled. That, for the most part, the work of Armstrong (Shakespeare) is founded on the dying confessions of hanged English malefactors; but that since many additions have been made to it, and that the most recent of these are by the late Henry Dundas, (Lord Melville, "*Hielan' Harrie.*") That all the English impostors that have hitherto attempted to forge examples, signatures, &c., of "Shakespeare's" handwriting, were completely detected by Scotsmen these two ways :—1. By proving that those specimens were not penned by Shakespeare, nor by anybody else, but were the impressions of types forged for the purpose. 2. By an analysis of the ink used by the forgers, whereby it is proved that the ingredients used in the manufacture of that liquid at the alleged period of Shakespeare, were not those of the ink used by English scoundrels in their deliberate imposition, deifying a nonentity.

That, bad as their attempts of depriving Scotland of that work is, there is another case still more aggravating, viz., their efforts in swindling and giving to a London malefactor, called by them John Milton, "*Paradise Lost,*" the work of Sir Richard Maitland (Lord Lethington), near two centuries before Milton was created. That, taking these facts into consideration, it cannot at all appear surprising that the now exposed, confuted, and ridiculed lies of Samuel Johnson, that there were no

Gaelic MSS. in existence above two centuries old, would proceed from the same quarter ; and that the people who personated Lord Lethington and his work by a London felon—who had no more to do with the composing of “Paradise Lost” than Noah had—could say, and do anything that they could, to spread their tales of defamation, seeing that at the very time that Johnson published his stories about the Gaelic MSS., the whole design was to cast discredit on the poems of Ossian—at that very time first laid before the public, in MacPherson’s attempt of a translation of them.

That, although they are again and again refuted, confounded, and contemned, their propensity to lie is so indelibly stamped on their hearts that they cannot reform. One would think, that after the examples made of them for their former tales of the non-existence of Gaelic MSS., some consideration or other might induce them to reflect and conform to common shame, so far as to hold their tongues. Let the reader consult “Browne’s History of the Highlands” (Edinburgh edition, Fullarton & Co., 1849), where he will see that, at the above date, there were in the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland upwards of forty Gaelic MSS., and some of them large volumes, all of which Johnson and his paymasters knew of at the very time that they would swear there were none. And we see that it was not because these interesting relics of Scottish literature were not—which was their wish—but because they were and are extant, not because that it was a past dream, but because their existence was

undeniable and real, that caused Johnson and other English impostors to rage and rail for several years, as they did. That with these few introductory notices before the reader, he will be pleased to follow the subject for a little, bearing in mind the vulgar talk—*alias* the dregs of English fibs set afloat at the time of which we are treating—that there were no written copies of the Poems of Ossian before MacPherson published his translation, and that the said James MacPherson forged them. This is the doctrine of Englishmen when Johnson published his Tour, and is so still, because they wish it to be true. It is probable, however, that the oldest written copy of these Poems, now extant in Britain, is the one in No. 6 of the catalogue of the Highland Society's collection, written in the ninth century, and not only containing the Poems of Ossian, but also those of his contemporaries, Fergus and Caoilte MacRonan. This shows that they were written sometime before MacPherson had anything to do with them. The next that contains these Poems is No. 16 in the said collection. This MS. was written by one of the Bards, MacVurich, late in the thirteenth century, a very considerable time before James MacPherson. There are many other detached pieces of these Poems through other varied and interesting productions of the said Clann Mhuirich, who were a succession of bards and historians from the thirteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century.

We shall now follow the various collectors of these poems, and see how each of them got the contents of their

versions of them, and by whom supplied. The first of these was Mr Jerome Stone, teacher at Dunkeld, who collected in that vicinity, and published some translations in the *Scots Magazine*, 1756. The next was James MacPherson, a native of Badenoch, who procured his in the following manner : in 1760 or 1761 he made his High-and tour.

“ AT SCALPA, September 5, 1800.

“ MALCOLM MACPHERSON, residenter in the parish of Portree, Isle of Skye, and county of Inverness, a married man, aged sixty years, and son of Dougal MacPherson, late tenant in Beenfuter, Trotternish, who was in his time an eminent bard, being called upon, appeared before us, two of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace for this County, and made the following declaration *upon oath*:—

“ That he had a brother named Alexander, by profession a smith, who died in February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty, and who could read and write both Gaelic and English ; that he was noted in the country for his knowledge of the poems of Ossian, of which he, the declarant, heard him repeat many ; that the declarant was informed by his brother, and he heard also from others, that when the late James MacPherson, from Badenoch, was in this country, collecting the poems of Ossian, he was for four days at Portree, in taking down a variety of them from the recitation of the declarant’s brother ; that the said declarant farther declares that his said brother had a Gaelic manuscript, in quarto, which wholly regarded the FIANS or FIANGALIANS ; that the said volume was about an inch and a quarter thick ; that Mr James MacDonald then landlord at Portree, having informed Mr MacPherson that the declarant’s brother had such a manuscript in his possession, Mr

MacPherson requested to see it;—farther declares, that before Mr MacPherson parted with declarant's brother, the said Mr MacPherson observed, that as the declarant's brother would repeat the whole of the poems, contained in the manuscript, he would oblige him if he would give it to him; for which he might expect his friendship and future reward; that his said brother informed the declarant he had accordingly given the said manuscript to Mr MacPherson, who carried it with him since; which time the declarant never heard of it. Farther declares, that he heard his father often reprimand his brother for answering the frequent calls upon him to the house of Portree to repeat the Poems of Ossian to gentlemen who had a taste for that poetry; and that he recollects giving him a severe reprimand for spending so much of his time with Mr MacPherson; that his brother pled his excuse—that he found Mr MacPherson so very kind, and being a namesake, that he could not resist his solicitations; farther declares, that his brother procured the said manuscript while an apprentice at Loch Carron; and the late Rev. Mr Donald M'Queen, Minister of Kilmuir, was the person who pointed out his brother to Mr MacPherson.

(Signed) " NORMAN MACLEOD, J.P.
 " A. MACDONALD, J.P.
 " DAVID CARMENT, Clerk."

See a similar declaration made by Ewan MacPherson, at Knock, in Sleit, Isle of Skye, September 11, 1800. See page 95 of the Report, we have the following decisive proofs, besides MacPherson's own declaration, given a little ago:

" That in the year 1760, having come to this country (Skye) from the opposite coast of Knoydart, to pay

a visit to the late Dr John MacPherson, then minister of this parish, he happened there to meet his old acquaintance Mr James MacPherson, who was then employed in collecting the Poems of Ossian, the son of Fingal. That as MacPherson did not know the Gaelic orthography so well as the declarant, who could read the Gaelic character which was anciently used by the Scotch and Irish Gael, the Doctor and Mr MacPherson urged the declarant very much to accompany them to the Long Island. That on that excursion they were one or two nights at the house of the elder Clanronald, at Ormiglade; and about a week at the house of the younger, at Benbecula; and at Mr MacNeil's, minister, in South Uist, where he became acquainted with MacMhurich, the representative of the celebrated bards of that name; but who was not a man of any note in that way. From this man, the declarant got for MacPherson a book, of the size of a New Testament, and of the nature of a commonplace book, which contained some accounts of the families of the MacDonalds, and the exploits of the "Great Montrose," together with some of the poems of Ossian; and that Mr MacPherson obtained, at the same time, an order from Clanronald, Sen., on a Lieutenant Donald MacDonald, for a Gaelic manuscript belonging to the family, which was called the *Leabhar Dearg*; and contained, as the declarant heard Clanronald say, and himself believed, some of the poems of Ossian. That the said book was not the *Leabhar Dearg*, and that he never saw it, and is uncertain whether MacPherson got it. Farther declares, that he took down some of the poems of Ossian from the recitation of several individuals, which he gave to MacPherson, who was seldom present when they were taken, &c., &c. That the declarant understood from Mr MacPherson, that he had collected the bulk of his materials in the shires of Inverness,

Perth, and Argyle ; but that he was still anxious to collect additional matter, and various editions of these poems. That the declarant recollects to have very often heard poems of Ossian, relative to the Fingalians, repeated in his youth; and that in general, the people of any taste, with whom he was acquainted in his younger days, and had advanced in years, made their entertainment in the winter nights to repeat the poems of Ossian, or hear them repeated to them; and his profession made him reside in different parts of the Highlands. He found the same taste to prevail for Ossian's poems among all classes of the people. That the persons whose recitations he took down were generally advanced in life ; is uncertain whether any of them is alive at this distance of forty years; and the relish for poetry has decayed greatly with the discouragement of the bards ; but that he never heard the authenticity of the poems of Ossian called in question by any Highlander ; and has no doubt of their being the production of Ossian, as firmly as he believes in the authenticity of any other poems, or in the originality of any other work, ancient or modern ; and he does not believe it would be possible for men who understood Gaelic well to have any doubt on this subject. That the declarant has no doubt that the Fingalians were Scottish Gaeil; but looks upon all disputes regarding the era, and the particular scenes of actions, to be completely independent of the authenticity of the poems, which he believes to have come down from remote antiquity, as firmly as he believes in his own existence. That he recollects to have read the translation of Fingal, in a copy presented to him at Edinburgh, by Mr James MacPherson, subsequent to these transactions, and, as far as he could recollect the substance of the original, that the translation was well executed ; that the ablest that ever existed, in his opinion, could

not equal the original Gaelic, by any translation. He was farther asked whether he thought MacPherson capable of composing such poems as those of Ossian ? Declares, most explicitly and positively, that he is certain Mr MacPherson was as unequal to such compositions as the declarant himself, who could no more make them than take wings and fly; that he firmly believes no man, excepting Ossian himself, was ever capable of making such Gaelic poetry as Ossian's, which has a sublimity and nervousness that cannot be equalled, nor successfully imitated; nor can the Gaelic of Ossian be rendered by the ablest translator into any other language, with an elegance suitable to the grandeur of the original.

(Signed) " Ewan MacPherson.
 " Norman MacLeod, J.P.
 " A. M'Donald, J.P.
 " Alexander Neilson, Clk."

You would now wish to be informed whether MacPherson got the " Red Book;" though it is certain that the volume mentioned by Mr Ewan MacPherson, who made the above declaration, was not it. That point is easily settled.

*Declaration of LAUCHLAN MACMHURICH, made at Torlum
 in Barra, 9th August, 1800.*

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, at Torlum, near Castle Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the 9th day of August, compeared, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lauchlan, son of Niel, son of Donald, son of Lauchlan, son of Niel Mor, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac-Mhuirich, before Roderick MacNeil, Esquire, of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach,

whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald, and they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoilgarry, and four pennies of *Drimisdale*, during fifteen generations; that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoilgarry for nineteen years of his life; that there was a right given them over these lands, as long as there would be any of the posterity of Muireach, to preserve and continue the genealogy and the history of the MacDonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the said lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his father Neil had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother. He remembers well that the Works of Ossian, written in parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some parchments were made up in the form of books, and that they were bound and separate which contained the works of Ossian and other bards. He remembers that his father had a work called the "Red Book," which he had from his predecessors, and which contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because, when his family were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he remembered well that Clanronald made his father give the Red Book to James MacPherson, from Badenoch; that it was nearly as thick as a Bible; but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover; that the other parchments and the Red Book, were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland, before people began to use the English characters; that his father could read the

Gaelic characters well ; and that he himself had some of the manuscripts after his father's death. Farther declared, that the Red Book was not written by one man, but that it was compiled from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving the records and continuing the history of the MacDonalds, and of other heads of the Highland clans. That he is not certain what became of the other parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander MacDonald,* son of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, and others by Ronald, his son, &c. After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald MacDonald, of Balronald ; James MacDonald, of Garyhelich ; Ewan MacDonald, of Grimminish ; Alexander MacLean, of Hoster ; Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula ; and Mr Allan MacQueen, minister of North Uist, who wrote this declaration.

The reader will find the MacMhuirich declaration, in both languages, at pages 278 and 279 of the "Report of the Highland Society." The above gentlemen were witnesses. It is signed by the declarant, Lachlan MacMhuirich, and by Roderick MacNeil, Esq. of Barra, J.P.

In addition, it is enough to remark that MacPherson, after he went to London, was sent by our implacable foes there on his pilfering tour to the Highlands, and that he, according to his instructions, collected all that he could lay his hands on of the manuscripts of these poems, and other documents of antiquity ; that, as long as he lived, he feloniously deceived the proprietors of those manuscripts, by his continual promise of restoring them ;

* The Learned Poet.

that, finally, when he departed, MacKenzie—a pupil of the same school—did not, nor would not tell where they were deposited. But, in case that the above may not satisfy some who are determined to repeat the English spleen because we have already proved our point, I shall now add the testimony of Lachlan MacPherson, Esq., of Strathmashie, who assisted the other MacPherson in accomplishing his translation of those poems. The following letter from that learned gentleman and poet to Dr Blair, of Edinburgh, preserved in the said Report, is quite sufficient of itself to explode for ever the villany perpetrated in that English tragedy, for murdering our literature :—

STRATHMASHIE, 22d October, 1763.

SIR,—As I hear you have made application in this country for testimonies concerning the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, I make bold to send you this, of which you may make what use you please :— In the year 1760, I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend, Mr MacPherson, during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian, through the Highlands. I assisted him in collecting them from oral traditions ; and transcribed from OLD MANUSCRIPTS, by far the greatest number of those parts he has published. Since the publication, I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal. I need not aver, Sir, that these poems are taken in this country to be of the utmost antiquity. This is notorious to almost all those who speak Gaelic in Scotland. In the Highlands, the scene of every action is pointed out to this day ; and the historical poems of Ossian have been for ages the winter evenings' amuse-

ment of the Clans. Some of the hereditary bards retained by the chiefs, committed very early to writing some of the works of Ossian. One manuscript, in particular, was written as far back as the year 1110, which I saw in MacPherson's possession. Permit me, sir, as a Highlander, to make use of this opportunity to thank you for the pains you have taken to illustrate the beauties, and establish the reputation of the poems of Ossian, which do so much honour to the ancient genius of our country.

I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

LACHLAN MACPHERSON.

I need not remind you of what objections the ignorant may start, because there is mention made by this gentleman of some of these poems having been written from oral recitations. The reason is given in the above affidavit of Ewan MacPherson. That after the collector, James MacPherson, amassed all the manuscripts he could find in the shires of Inverness, Perth, and Argyll, his next object was, according to that gentleman's opinion, to gather as much as he possibly could in order to procure different versions, which was a poor, lame subterfuge on the part of the spoiler—at least it will appear so now; but his real object was that, if he should not succeed in pilfering the manuscripts—as he had done under English instructions—that he could, on his own account, from the oral version of these poems, either give his intended translation, and render the whole affair exposed to the brutal objections, at the time pre-arranged by his bribers and our enemies, or make it appear pro-

bable that he was himself the author, at least in part; and indeed had it not been that the Highland Society so honourably published the particulars here related, there is no doubt but that sacrilegious *fama* might have been established, even among men from whom better things might be expected, as it is now current amongst the working cattle, of which your humble servant is one, though, at the same time, no Highlander could give any credit to such nonsense. Besides, MacPherson's own declaration, in his letter to the Rev. James MacLaggan, minister of Amalree, is decisive. You mind what he says :—"I have met with a number of old manuscripts in my travels, the poetical part of them I have endeavoured to secure." And again, "I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem, and truly epic, concerning Fingal," &c. This happened in the year 1760, when he was in the heat of collecting his ill-gotten gear. "The truly epic poem, pretty complete," was no other than the manuscript poem, good-naturedly given to him by Alexander MacPherson, at Portree, as declared by the said Alexander's brother upon oath, as above stated, in his affidavit. Add to that the positive declaration of his assistant in the translation of these poems, Mr MacPherson, of Strathmashie, who tells you positively, that he "took down from oral recitation, as well as transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greatest part of those pieces published by the other MacPherson. This will show at once that James MacPherson was in reality but a secondary party in the undertaking, in comparison

to the other learned gentleman and poet. Bear in mind, moroever, that the fact of some of these poems being taken from the tongues of those who could repeat them, is an immortal proof, if I may use the expression, that they were universally known in the country; and to such as can peruse the manuscript versions of some of them published in the Report, and various other printed copies now in the hands of the Gaeil, it is trifling the difference between the recited poems, and those written many ages bygone. Lastly, none but the wilfully malicious can think it objectionable, or to give it in the language of the destroyers of our fame: "How impossible," say they, "that these poems could be preserved for many ages by oral recitation." As little they were ; and I hope that you are now prepared to buffet any scoundrel in England who says so. But, say you, our argument on this point, or rather the truth of these assertions, is established by that very circumstance, when it is duly considered that manuscript copies of the poems, and other valuable historical and genealogical writings, were preserved in abundance throughout the Highlands, as already demonstrated. Neverthelesss, the disadvantage was, that although from the resources of our literature, the light of Europe was kept burning for many ages ; yet, it is a lamentable fact that it was among the last languages in Europe that was printed ;* and that, when the rest of Britain, for the last two centuries and upwards, had their language printed,

* We may thank our connection with England for that.

the Gaelic was neglected in that particular; so that when the Lowlandman could read his on the page of the book, the common people in the Highlands had their poetry, and other productions of that kind, recited by the few who had access to the preserved manuscripts, so that the one learned the other in that way. In short, the original Scots, in particular, remained, we may say, till within the last century, just as all mankind were before the invention of printing—that is, the learned few had recourse to the written works, while the many wholly depended on oral teaching in everything.

You will now ask, is it not surprising that the neighbouring nation, who first dragged MacPherson into their capital, when he appeared under the name of a collector of the remaining fragments of a warlike and ancient people's history, should afterwards persecute the cause which they ardently stimulated him to undertake; for it is a fact, that not only the savages of them, who had the name of learned, and made letters their profession, did so, but the British parliament acted in like manner. The letters of the Rev. Dr Carlyle, to William MacDonald, Esq., Secretary to the Highland Society, dated Musselburgh, 9th January, 1802: it is to be found at pp. 66-7 of the report. We shall give the particulars of it immediately to the point :—

“ On the 2nd of October, 1759, I happened to know the date exactly, I came from Dumfries to Moffat in the morning, and finding John Home, the author of *Douglas*, there, I resolved to stay all night with him. In the

course of conversation, he told me that he had at last found what he had been long wishing for—a person who could make him acquainted with ancient Highland poetry, of which he had heard so much. This was Mr James MacPherson, who was then tutor to Mr Graham, of Balgowan, whom he had, with much solicitation and difficulty, prevailed on to translate some specimens of that poetry which he had by heart, to which he said he could not do justice in an English translation. Mr Home had been highly delighted with them, and when he showed them to me *I was perfectly astonished at the poetical genius displayed in them.* We agreed that it was a precious discovery, and that as soon as possible it should be published to the world. Mr Home carried the manuscript with him to Edinburgh; and having shown it to Dr Blair and other judges, they were so much pleased that they encouraged Mr MacPherson to publish them without delay, which he did early in 1760, with the title of *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands.* In a preface prefixed to this publication, Mr MacPherson announced that there was a great deal of poetry of the same kind still to be found in the Highlands, and islands in particular; that there was a work of considerable length, styled *An Heroic Poem*, which might be recovered and translated, if encouragement was given to such an undertaking. A subscription was immediately set about in the *Parliament House*, and a sum sufficient to make such an important search was soon collected. Mr MacPherson made two journeys through the Highlands, on one of which Mr Home accompanied him, and the result was the publication, at London, first of *Fingal*, and then of *Temora*. I have only to add, that during my intimacy with Mr MacPherson, for two winters, in London, in 1769 and 1770, where I saw him daily, and lived in intimacy with him for four months in each of

those seasons, I never was able to discover, in his most ungarded moments, that he was any other than the collector and translator of the works of Ossian, or assumed any other than might be derived from thence: but I have heard him express the greatest contempt for those who thought him the fabricator of them. If there was any person who asserted that MacPherson had owned it to himself, even that would not shake my faith; for I knew him to be of a temper, when he was teased and fretted, to carry his indignation that far. This is all I have to say on the subject. If you think it of importance to establish your proof, you will communicate it to the Society; if not, be so good as to commit it to the flames.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with respect, yours,
&c.

ALEXANDER CARLYLE."

General Observations by Captain Morrison, of Greenock.

Was intimately acquainted with Mr James MacPherson's abilities and knowledge of the Gaelic language. Admits that he had much merit in collecting, arranging, and translating; but that he was no poet, nor thoroughly conversant in Gaelic literature. So far from composing such poems as were translated, that he (Captain Morrison) often assisted him in understanding some words and suggested some improvements. That MacPherson could as well compose the PROPHECIES OF ISAIAH, or create the *isle of Skye*, as compose a poem like one of Ossian's. That there are many other such poems which MacPherson did not collect, and collected some which he did not translate; but made his choice with proper taste. That

the Address to the Sun, in the poem of Carthon, wanted two lines, which neither Mr MacPherson nor anybody else could supply ; nay, supply anything like them. Captain Morrison adds farther—That, amidst all the poetry he saw or heard of, he could as easily distinguish Ossian's poems from that of others, by specific marks, as he could Virgil's from Ovid or Horace. That the poetry of the Highlands can be traced back hundreds of years, and every species, as well as every period, distinguished from one another ; so that no difficulty can remain in assigning his own station and era to Ossian.

GREENOCK, 7th January, 1801.

In the replies to the questions of the Honourable the Highland Society of Scotland, respecting the Poems of Ossian, and other ancient Poems relative to Fingal and others, in these general observations, I declare what I know to be true, and now aver the same before these gentlemen, Mr Donald Martin, Merchant, and Mr Donald Shaw, Ship-Chandler, Greenock ; as also that I have given the Rev. Mr Irvine a true and faithful copy of Ossian's “Address to the Sun” in the original, and some other fragments of Ossian's.

Witness whereof, ALEXANDER MORRISON.

D. Martin, Witness. }
Donald Shaw, Witness. }

In summing up the above evidences, it is only necessary to remark, for the sake of those of my fellow-working-men who are interested in the honour of Scotland, that none of the scribblers hired to defame our country are

ignorant of these facts, and a great deal more, contained in the host of ancient documents and chronicles stolen by the agents of England, and smothered in order to strangle our nationality. You will therefore observe that it is not at all a matter of conjecture the charge against MacPherson for his persevering villany in the affair of the manuscripts collected by him. See his own letter to the Rev. Mr MacLaggan, Minister of Amalree, and that he had some before he came to the house of Mr Gallie, Minister of Kincardine, as amply testified by that gentleman and his wife;* that no means could prevail on MacPherson to restore those manuscripts during his life, seeing that the British Parliament, who encouraged and paid him for collecting and swindling, were no doubt bound to protect him at all hazards. In short, call to your recollection the facts already given, independent of his confession altogether. Mr MacNeil, Minister of Hovermore, South Uist,† positively says in his letter, that he saw the bard MacMhuirich give to MacPherson, either four or five manuscripts, and that the latter bound himself, "by a missive under his signature, to restore them." In like manner, Mr MacPherson of Strathmashie, in his letter above given, and as yet preserved in the Report, says—"I assisted in collecting, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greater part of those pieces published." And he adds—"Some of the hereditary bards committed very

* See Report, p. 153. † Vide Report.

early to writing the works of Ossian. One manuscript, in particular, was written as far back as the year 1110, which I saw in Mr MacPherson's possession." In fact, Mr MacPherson of Strathmashie was the principal party in accomplishing the translation, while, in reality, James MacPherson was only the agent of the English to secure the parchments. In like manner, Captain Morrison of Greenock, in that excellent testimony of his, declares that he had access to MacPherson's papers, even in London;* that he saw in his possession there *many* manuscripts containing some of the poems translated, which they found difficult to read, owing to their being written in the old Gaelic character. This was another gentleman, as you have been already informed in his own declaration, who was no passive spectator of the work, but translated some of the poems for Mr MacPherson, &c. You will hence perceive the absolute wickedness of the miscreants, who, after paying MacPherson for his infamous agency in that affair, would afterwards muster the whole strength of their nation, armed with that malice for which they are noted above all men, to make the world believe that there were no written copies of these poems, and that MacPherson himself was the author of them, when, in truth, he had but a very small share in the translation of them. That was their creed at the outset ; but shortly thereafter they saw that they had committed themselves in that too, for, as the reverend and learned Dr Mac-

* See Appendix of Report, No. 13.

Nicol of Lismore, the *scourge of Johnson*, observed, "The moment that Ossian is deprived of the poems, MacPherson is the author of them, therefore the merit of the production is national after all." Undoubtedly from this remark the English saw that their former treachery would not avail them, seeing that the production was Scottish, and that in course of time MacPherson's name might occupy the same position that Ossian's memory now does. Alarming enough! How much privy councilling was performed ere they invented the next story is not easy ascertained, only the result is no secret. The next English report, which is still partly believed by you, my fellow-workingmen, was that some Lowland *Muse* composed the Poems of Ossian, and that MacPherson neither composed nor collected them. I need scarcely tell you that all this, and a great deal more, of that gross nonsense, is not heeded by the well-informed in either country, and that now many of the English themselves, verily think shame of the crusade set on foot against these matchless relics of antiquity; but though that is the case with a very few individuals, the venom of that people, through their pupils, the Highland landholders, will only be exhausted, if permitted of God, when the utter destruction of our race and language is completed.

OTHER COLLECTIONS,

Proving that these Poems were recited in all parts of the Highlands, long after MacPherson's translation, as they were from time immemorial before he appeared.

Duncan Kennedy, teacher, Craignish, Argyleshire, made his collection between A.D. 1774 and 1783. The following are the names of the individuals from whose oral recitation he wrote them:—

1. Donald MacTaggart, at Culgalast near Tarbert, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kilclusglen, near Lochgilphead, Glasrie.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Achanshelich, near Kilmichael, commonly called Alastir Gasta.
4. Alex. MacLardy, Coranbeg, Craiginish, known by the name of Alastir MacIain.
5. Nicol MacIntyre, Polunduich, Lorn, near Kilninver.
6. John MacDougall, Duniarain, Lochavaich, and his brother, Alein Ban, parish of Dalavaich.
7. John MacPhail, Bragleen-mor, parish of Kilninver.
8. Malcolm MacPhail, parish of Kilmelford.
9. MacPhee, from Glenforsa, in Mull, residing in the island of Belnahua, near Easdale.
10. John MacLean, from the island of Eigg, a strolling beggar, nick-named Prionns an Lin.
11. Donald MacPhee, in Glenforsa, in the island of Mull.
12. Hugh MacCallum, smith, island of Belnahua.
13. Neil Ban MacLardy, fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the island of Luing.

14. Gilbert MacArthur, Kilmichael, Glasrie.
15. John MacLean, Dusgie, Ardgour, near Fortwilliam.
16. John Cameron, commonly called *Iain MacAlein*, near Fortwilliam.
17. Mary Cameron, or *Mairi Nighan Eoghain*, near Highbridge.

And many other persons that Duncan Kennedy met with on different journeys through Morven, Suanart, and Lochaber, whose names he does not now recollect, they being old and obscure; and, from their age, he thinks few are at this time in life.

Contents of Duncan Kennedy's Collection.

Luachair Leothaid, Sgiathan MacSgairbh, An Gruagach Rochd Sithallan, Mur Bheura, Tiomban Sealg na Cluana, Gleann Cruadhach Urnuigh Oisein, Earragan, resembling MacPherson's Battle of Lora, Manus, Maighre Borb, Maid of Craca, Cath Scisear, Sliabh nam Beann Fionn, Bas Ghairbh, Bas Chuinn, Righ Liuir, Sealg na Leana, Dun an Oir, An Cu Dubh, Gleann Diamhair, Conal, Bas Chonlaoich, Diarmid, Carril, Bas Ghuill, Garadh, Bas Oscair, Tuiridh nam Fiann, and Bas Oisein.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

—*Report of Highland Society, printed at the University Press of Edinburgh, 1805.*

The next was the reverend and learned Dr John Smith, of Campbelton, who collected and published his collection much about the same time. Dr Smith's volume was published at Edinburgh, and dedicated to the Highland Society of London, 1787.

The next and last collectors were brothers Hugh and

John MacCallum, travelling merchants or packmen. The MacCallums being intelligent and persevering men, and indignant at the lies of Laing, and many other scoundrels who joined in the crusade against the authenticity of these poems, manfully persevered in their efforts, and at last got their volume printed in Montrose, at *The Review* newspaper office, 1816. The following are the contents of the work, and the names of the persons from whom they were obtained:—

1. "Dargo, the Son of Druidin," obtained from Duncan Mathison, parish of Snizort, isle of Skye—Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, minister.
2. "Crom-Glen," from Hector MacPhail, parish of Torosa, isle of Mull—Rev. Alexander Fraser, minister.
3. "Evir-Aluin," from the papers of Donald MacInnes, schoolmaster, Griban, isle of Mull, parish of Kiluinian—Mr MacArthur, minister.
4. "The Fingalians' Great Distress," from the papers of the Rev. Donald MacDonald, D.D. of Killean; also another version from Malcolm MacCallum in said parish; another from Duncan MacIntyre, Glenlyon, Perthshire; and one from Archibald MacPherson, Assint. Dr MacDonald thought proper that this poem should be inserted in this work, although formerly published by Mr Gillies. The Dr. announces that the poem before us is of a decided preference to that published by Mr Gillies.
5. "The Banners of the Fingalians," from the papers of Mr D. MacInnes, already quoted.
6. "Cuchullin in his Chariot," from Alexander MacDonald, South Uist—Rev. George Munro, minister.
7. "The Duan of the Heads," from Archibald MacCallum, late of Auchaglas, and from Malcolm MacCallum,

both in the parish of Killean; also from D. MacIntyre and A. MacPherson, already quoted.

8. "The Black Dog," from Dr. MacDonald's papers, and from A. MacCallum, already quoted; from Neil Fletcher, farmer, Scalestlebeg, isle of Mull; and from Neil MacQueen, isle of Islay—Rev. James MacIntosh, minister.

9. "Fingal's Panegyric on Gaul, Colguil, and Trathal," from the papers of J. MacIntyre, Arichastle, Glenurchy—Rev. Joseph MacIntyre, D.D. minister—and from the papers of Mr D. MacInnes, already quoted.

10. "Fingal's Address to Oscar," from Mr Nicol, sen. Arichastle, Glenurchy, aged 95 years, who could repeat the same when 12 years old; and from Mr D. MacInnes's papers, already quoted.

12. "The Death of Oscar," from Mr D. MacInnes's papers, already quoted.

13. "The Virgins or Nymphs," from Dr MacDonald's papers, already quoted; and from William Cameron, Highbridge, by Fortwilliam, parish of Kilmonivaig—Rev. Thomas Ross, minister.

14. "Conlaoch," from D. MacInnes's papers, and from Neil MacQueen, both already quoted.

15. "Ciuhach," from George MacKenzie, Gruinnart, parish of Lochbroom—Rev. Thomas Ross, LL.D., minister.

16. Ossian's Address to the Rising and Setting Sun, translated into Latin by Ewan MacLachlan, Esq. Rector, Old Aberdeen.

17. "Mor-Glan and Min Onn."

18. "The Death of Dermid," from Dr. MacDonald, already quoted.

19. "The Combat of Fingal and Garv," from John MacLardy, late of Arinanuan, parish of Killean—Rev. D. MacDonald, D.D. minister.

20. "The Fingalians' Greatest Hunting," from the papers of Dr. MacDonald and from Archibald MacCallum, both already quoted.

21. "Conullgulbuin," from Archibald MacPherson, Assint, already quoted.

22 "Ossian's Distress," from the *Inverness Journal*.

23. "Oina Moral," from the writings of the Rev. A. MacDonald, late of Liverpool.

24. "The Society of True Highlanders," composed by Mr Ewen MacLachlan, of Old Aberdeen.

At Edinburgh, the nineteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and one years, in presence of Archibald Menzies, Esq., one of the Justices of Peace for the county of Edinburgh, compeared Archibald Fletcher, residenter in Achalader, Glenurchy, and county of Argyle, who declares, that as he understood the Highland Society of Edinburgh have been making inquiries concerning ancient Gaelic Poems, particularly those ascribed to Ossian, he has deposited, with the Deputy-Secretary of the Society, a collection of Gaelic Poems, many of which relate to the achievements of the race of Fingal, or the *Fianntaibh*, as they are named in the Gaelic language, of which Poems the declarant got copies written in the country from his own oral recitation. Declares that he is about sixty-six years of age, and that he has heard the song called "Rann no Duan na h-ighin" recited by several persons in Glenurchy, above forty years ago, and about thirty years ago he learned it by heart from John MacNicol, tenant in Arievean, in Glenurchy, who had got the same from Duncan MacNicol, tenant in the same place, his grandfather. That John MacNicol died about twenty years ago, and was above sixty at his death; and that the said Duncan MacNicol, his grandfather, lived about fifty years ago, and

was, he believes, about eighty years of age at his death.

That the MacNicol's, of Arievean, who had been there for ages, were celebrated for reciting songs and poems, particularly the songs or histories of the Fingalian race. That in former times, in the declarant's first remembrance, and, he believes, long before his time, it was the constant amusement of the Highlanders, in the winter time, to go by turns to each other's houses, in every village, to recite and hear recited, or sung, the Poems of Ossian, and other songs and poems, which was particularly the practice of the MacNicol's in Arievean; but that, for thirty years back, this practice has been gradually wearing out in Glenurchy, and in every other part of the Highlands with which he is acquainted, so that it scarcely now exists at all anywhere.

He further declares, that when James MacPherson was collecting the Poems of Ossian, he applied to the said John MacNicol; but what songs or poems he got from MacNicol the declarant does not know; and he recollects seeing MacPherson, on that occasion, at the house of Mr M'Vean, the minister of Glenurchy.

Fletcher further declares, that he heard the poem called "Teanntachd mor na Feinne" repeated by many persons in the Highlands as far back as he can remember anything, and that some time ago he learned it from John Robertson, in Tullochearn, Loch Tayside, in Braedalbin, Perthshire, from whom he got a written copy of it. He declares, that the poem called "Tigh Farabirne no Farmail" he heard recited by many people in the country above fifty years ago, and as far back as he can remember anything; and he is sure he heard it before MacPherson went about to collect the Poems of Ossian in the country of Glenurchy. That he learned this poem some time ago from Janet MacKenrick or Henderson, now residing in Glenfalloch, and that she got it from

the said MacNicols, of Arievean. He further declares, that the poem called "Duan a Ghairbh mhic Stairn" he heard recited in the country, by many persons, above forty years ago, and particularly by Finlay MacKenrick or Henderson, now residing in Croitandeoir, in Glen-dochart, in Perthshire—a very old man—from whom, or from John MacKenrick, his uncle, in Glenurchy, the said Finlay learned the poem; and that, some time ago, the declarant himself learned it from John MacIntyre, in Stronmialachan, in Glenurchy—a man of about sixty years of age—who had it from Duncan MacIntyre, who resided near Bunau, Argyleshire. Declares, that he is certain he heard the poem of "Garbh Mac Stairn" recited by many persons, as above, long before MacPherson went about collecting the Poems of Ossian. Declares, that the poem called "Eachdraidh air Con-achair Righ Eirin agus triuir mhac Righ Barachoil," an edition of which MacPherson has published, under the name of "Darthula," and which is commonly called in the country, "Clann Uisneachain, or the sons of Usno," he heard recited about fifty years ago by many persons in Glenurchy, particularly by Nicol MacNicol, in Arievean, who resided sometime in Achaladar; and this, he thinks, was about ten years before MacPherson went about collecting the Poems of Ossian. Declares, that in the collection which he has now deposited with the Society, there are several other poems, some of which—relating to the actions of the Fianntaibh, or Fingalians—he likewise heard recited very long ago; and declares, that the whole collection of poems, now left with the Society, consists of one hundred and ninety-four pages. All which is truth, as the declarant shall answer to God.

ALEXANDER FLETCHER.
ARCHIBALD MENZIES, J. P.

Sworn before me, the nineteenth of January, eighteen hundred and one; and I further attest, that the said Archibald Fletcher, who, although he cannot write his name, was not able to read the manuscript, recited orally in my presence the whole of the poem called "Clann Uisneachain, or Darthula," and part of the first poem called "Rann, or Duan na h-ighin," which, as I understand the Gaelic, I compared with the manuscript, and found to agree. And he declared that he was able and willing to recite, orally, the whole of the poems particularly specified in his declaration. And I further attest, that the above mentioned manuscript collection of poems is marked by the declarant and me, of this date.

ARCHIBALD MENZIES, J. P.

—*Report of Highland Society*, p. 273.

Note from the Report of the Highland Society, p. 17.

From the preface of Bishop Carswell's Prayer Book, printed at Edinburgh, 1567:—

"But there is one great disadvantage which we, the Gaeil of Scotland and Ireland, labour under beyond the rest of the world, that the Gaelic language has never yet been printed, as the language of every race of men has been. And we labour under a disadvantage which is still greater than every other disadvantage, that we have not the Holy Bible printed in Gaelic, as it has been printed in Latin and in English, and in every other language; and also, that we have never yet had any account printed of the antiquities of our country or of our ancestors; for, though we have some accounts of the Gaeil of Scotland and Ireland contained in manuscripts, and in the genealogies of bards and historiographers, yet there is great labour in writing them over with the hand; whereas the

work that is printed, be it ever so great, is speedily finished. And great is the blindness and sinful darkness, and ignorance and evil design of such men as teach, and write, and cultivate the Gaelic language; that with the view of obtaining for themselves vain rewards of this world, they are more desirous and more accustomed to compose worldly histories, concerning the *Tuath dé dannan*, and Fingal, the son of Cumhal,* with his heroes, and concerning many others which I will not at present enumerate or mention, in order to maintain or reprove; than to write, and teach, and maintain the faithful words of God and of the perfect truth."

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr John MacPherson, Minister of Sleat, isle of Skye, to Dr Blair of Edinburgh, then collecting material for his dissertation on these poems. It is dated manse of Sleat, 27th November, 1763, and is recorded page 9, &c., of the Report.

What I have to say myself, in answer to your questions, after having made all the researches in my power, is in substance as follows: That I have perused a Gaelic manuscript, containing all the poems translated by Mr MacPherson, or a considerable part of them. I am not able to say, but can honestly affirm, that I have seen a Gaelic manuscript in the hands of an old bard, who travelled about through the Highlands and Isles about thirty years ago, out of which he read in my hearing, and before thousands yet alive, the exploits of Cuchullin, Fingal, Oscar, Ossian, Cual, Diarmid, and the other heroes celebrated in Mr MacPherson's book.

This bard was descended of a race of ancestors who had

* This shows that the poems of Ossian were recited 203 years before MacPherson was born.

served the family of Clanronald for about three hundred years, in quality of bards and genealogists, and whose predecessors had been employed in the same office by the Lords of the Isles, long before the family of Clanronald existed. The name of the tribe which produced these hereditary bards and seanachies was *MacMhuirich*. The last man of the tribe, who sustained these two characters with any dignity, I knew personally, and conversed with him more than once. He was a man of some letters, like all or most of his predecessors in that office, and had, to my certain knowledge, some manuscripts—in verse as well as prose—in his possession. Whether these manuscripts are now extant I cannot say, as I live at a great distance from that part of the country where the MacMhuirichs were settled. That the poems contained in the manuscripts, belonging to the MacMhuirichs, were identical with those published by Mr MacPherson, or nearly so, seems to be abundantly probable. One reason that induces me to entertain this opinion is, that I have conversed with many different persons, who had frequently rehearsed, from memory, several parts of the poems translated by that gentleman long before he was an author. And I can affirm that these several parts, together with many more of the same kind, and in the same manner, were rehearsed by the MacMhuirichs times without number. So much in answer to your first question.

I have, in obedience to your request, made inquiry for all persons around me who were able to rehearse, from memory, any parts of the poems published by Mr MacPherson, and have made them rehearse, in my hearing, the several fragments or detached pieces of these poems which they were able to repeat. This done, I compared them, with great care, with Mr MacPherson's translation. These fragments are as follows:—

The description of "Cuchallin's Chariot," (Fingal, book first, p. 11,) the rehearsers are John MacDonald, of Breackish, in Strath, isle of Skye; Martin MacGilivray, tenant, in Slate; and Allan MacCascle, farmer, Glenelg. The episode relating to "Faine solais," (Fingal, book third, p. 45,) the rehearsers are, among many more, John MacDonald, of Breackish; Alexander MacDonald, merchant, in Slate; John Downie cowherd there; and John MacLean, carpenter, in the parish of Strath. The action of Ossian at the lake of Lago, and his courtship of Everallin, (Fingal, book fourth, p. 50,) the rehearsers are Alexander MacDonald, merchant, in Slate; Nicol MacKenzie, in the parish of Strath. Together with the originals in the Gaelic characters, used in both countries from time immemorial.

Extract of a letter from Mr MacDiarmid, Minister of Weem, 9th April, 1807 to the committee of the Society.

Enclosed you have a translation of the Gaelic pieces which I sent you last week. It is as literal as possible; I made it so on purpose, without any regard to the English idiom, that you might understand the better. Every one knows at what disadvantage a translation of this kind must appear from one language into another; but more especially when the idioms and genius of the two languages differ so widely as those of the Gaelic and English. As I have not a copy of Mr MacPherson's translation, I could not compare it with the original, nor point out wherein he has departed from it, Mr MacKenzie will easily see that, by comparing his translation with mine. I got the copy of these poems about thirty years ago, from an old man in Glenlyon. I took it and several other fragments, now I fear irrecoverably lost, from the man's mouth. He had learned them in his youth from

people in the same glen, which must have been long before MacPherson was born. I had at one time a considerable number of old poems, some of them part of what MacPherson has translated ; but by lending them from hand to hand, I cannot now possibly trace them. The truth is, I lost in a great decree that enthusiasm which I was very early possessed with, when I went into Angus-shire with the view to settle there for life. At that time I gave away most of the pieces I had collected. The two pieces sent by Mr MacDiarmid to the committee, were Ossian's Address to the Sun, both rising and setting, with an exact literal translation of each.

A List of the Gentlemen who contributed information, manuscripts, and other documents, to the Committee of the Highland Society, while drawing up their Report.

Rev. Mr Anderson, minister of Kingussie; Rev. Mr MacLaggan, of Blair; Rev. Mr MacDiarmid, of Weems; Rev. Dr. Smith, of Campbelton ; Rev. Mr MacDonald, of Anstruther; Rev. Mr Irvine, of Rannoch; Captain Morrison, of Greenock; Mr George Chalmers, of London; Major MacLachlan, of Kilbride ; Rev. Mr Stuart, of Craignish; and the Rev. Mr MacLeod, of Harries; besides several members of the Committee procured MSS., and other materials of importance, particularly Lord Bannatyne, Sir George Mackenzie, Sir John Sinclair, and Mr MacDonald, of Staffa.

NOTE.—Mr Jerome Stone, of Dunkeld, collected a number of these poems, A.D. 1754-5, and published one of them translated, as well as he could do it, in Scot's Magazine, A.D. 1756

Next, after MacPherson, was Miss Brooke, an Irish lady, who collected a number of these poems in Ireland.

In winding up these proofs, it is expected that the reader is satisfied that the main point required is clearly demonstrated, viz., that the poems of Ossian were preserved in written documents many centuries back, and were recited in all parts of the Highlands time out of mind, and continued to be so down to 1816, as the contents of the last collection given above amply show. That some of the individuals were in the remote islands; others in various localities of the mainland, and for the most part illiterate persons, who had no other means of procuring them but by the prevailing practice of learning them from others, who possessed them in the same manner. That a people so tenacious of the customs of their progenitors, and naturally so acute as the original Scots are, cannot be estimated by a comparison with any other grade or section in the land of the millions of thieves called "England," nor yet with the Normanised "Irish." We do not mean the real Milesian of that country, among whom are a few we respect with profound admiration, not only as gentlemen, but also as ornaments of the Celtic name and literature. That the learned and candid Dr O'Donovan, of Dublin, is one who has done more for the advancement of the Celtic language than any other in his native land for several centuries, in his unwearied efforts to leave a lasting memorial to the honour of the primitive speech to which he applied his admirable capacity with success. It is questionable if his labours are equalled by any in this generation. Many more might be added, and certainly not the least of them is Dr Mac-Ilheran, the "iron flail" of the times.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION NOT GENUINE.

The following comparison by the REV. DR. PATRICK GRAHAM, of Aberfoyle, will show the difference.

TEMORA, Book VII.

O Linne doir-chcille na Lego,
Air uair, eiridh ceo taobh-ghorm nan tonn :
'Nuair a dhuineas, dorsa na h' oiche,
Air iulair-shuil greine nan speur. 5
Domhail mu Lara nan sruth,
Thaomas duibh neul, as doirche gruaim,
Mar għlas sgiath, roimh thaomadh nan nial,
Snamh seachad tha gealach na h' oiche.
Le so eididh taibhsean o shean,

MR. MACPHERSON'S

FROM the wood-skirted waters of Lego, ascend at times, gray bosomed mists, when the gates of the west are closed on the sun's eagle-eye. Wide, over Lara's stream is

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

FROM the pool of wood-skirted Lego,
At times, ascend the blue-sided mist of the waves :
When closed are the gates of night,
On the eagle-eye of the skies. 5
Swelling around Lara of streams,
Pour black clouds of darkest gloom :
Like a gray shield, before the bursting of the clouds,
Swims along the moon of night.
With this invest the ghosts, of old,

TRANSLATION.

poured the vapour, dark and deep. The moon, like a dim shield, is swimming through its folds. With this clothe the spirits of old

An dlu-ghleus* ameasg na gaoith. 10
 Siad a leumnich o' osnad,
 Air dubh aghaidh oiche nan sian.
 Ann taobh oiteig, gu paluinn nan seod,
 Taomaidh iad ceathach nan speur ;
 Gorm-thalla do thannais nach beo,
 Gu am eiridh fonn marbhrann nan teud. 15
 Tha torman am machair nan crann :

MR MACPHERSON'S

their sudden gesture on the wind, when they strike from blast to blast, along the dusky night, often blend with the gale, to some warrior's grave, they roll

* Besides remarking in Mr Macpherson's translation of the above passage, that though he, upon the whole, renders the sense of the original with tolerable fidelity, he, at the same time, loses, and, from apparent hurry, suppresses many elegant images, I must observe, particularly, that the expression, "sudden gestures," by which he translates "*dlu-ghleus*," is as devoid of meaning, as it is foreign to the sense of the original. The expression in the original, evidently alludes to a mythology, (for there is a mythology in Ossian of a very appropriate kind,) which was well known to Mr MacPherson, but of which, in this instance, he loses sight.

Their close-gathered forms,* amidst the winds, 10
 As they pass (leap) from blast to blast,
 On the dusky countenance of the stormy night,
 On the skirt of the gale, to the dwelling of the brave,
 They pour the vapour of the skies :
 A blue mansion to the shades of the deceased, 15
 Till the season that the death song rises on the strings.
 There is a rustling sound in the field of trees :

TRANSLATION.

the mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the songs arise.

A sound came from the desert.

The ghosts, or shades, of the deceased are uniformly represented, by Ossian, as thin and feeble forms, which were liable to be tossed about by the blast, and even to have their substance, at times, torn and dispersed by the winds; an example of which occurs immediately below, at verse 23. It became necessary for them, therefore, to guard against such accidents, and to gather their unsubstantial forms into close array. Having this well known mythology in our eye, the expression, "close gathered forms," suggests a precious and appropriate idea. See below Mr MacPherson's translation of verse 53.

'Se Connar righ Eirin a t' ann,
A taomadh ceo tannais gu dluth,
Air Faolan, aig Lubhar nan sruth. 20
Muladach, suidhe fo bhron,
Dhaom an taibhs ann ceathach an loin.
Thaom osnadh easan ann fein ;
Ach phill an cruth aluin gu dian ;
Phill e le chrom shealladh, mall, 25
Le ceo leadain, mar shiubhal nan sian.
'S doilleir so !
Ata na sloigh nan suain; san am,

MR MACPHERSON'S

It was Connor, king of Inisfail. He poured the mist on Fillan,* at bluewinding Lubar. Dark and mournful sat the ghost, in his grey ridge of smoke. The blast at times rol-

* Fillan, the son of Fingal, had been lately killed. See Book VI.

[†] We have here a fine example of the mythology alluded to in a preceding note. The ghost of Fillan had been rolled together by the blast, but soon resumed its form. Should it gratify any

It is Connor, king of Erin,
 Pouring thick the mist of ghosts,
 On Fillan,* at streamy Lubar. 20
 Sad, sitting in grief,
 Decended the ghost, in the mist of the vale (meadow)
 The blast rolled him together;
 But the noble form quickly returned *into itself*;†
 It returned slowly, with downcast look, 25
 With locks of mist, like the course of storms.

It is dark !
 The hosts, meantime, are sunk in sleep,

TRANSLATION.

led him together: but the form returned again;† it returned with bending knees, and dark-winding locks of mist.

It is dark ! The sleeping hosts were still

critic to have a similar image pointed out in another poet, I should refer him to Milton :

— “ But the ethereal substance closed,
 “ Not long divisible.” —

G L O S S A R Y.

Bragh—Burst, explosion.

Braight—The great annual of fire the Druids. *

Brolluinn—Steam, smoke, rising from intense heat.

Caont—Private.

Coirb—A female fury.

Dearg-las—Nebula.

Drèos—The glare of sparks rising from a furnace.

Eangach—A drag net.

Earc—A cow.

Glàmaich—Devourers.

Ialtag—The bat.

Mairc—Objection.

N.B.—The reader can be at no loss to find all the terms which may appear obscure in the current lexicons of the language.

* See MacAlpine's Gaelic Dictionary.



